

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JANUARY 15, 1965

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE NEW CONGRESS: Democratic and Busy



MAJORITY LEADER
CARL ALBERT

VOL. 85 NO. 3

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



New package
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What's the 4-4-2? Just the sweetest piece of live action on wheels! Small wonder, too, when you check its credentials. An all-new, all-its-own 400-cubic-inch V-8. Four-barrel carb. Twin pipes. Heavy-duty suspension. Nylon red-line tires. Three smooth transmission availabilities: 3-speed synchromesh, close-ratio 4-on-the-floor or Jetaway automatic. You can tuck all this "instant action" into any F-85 V-8 coupe or convertible. And 4-4-2 prices start below any other high-performance car in America designed for everyday driving. Sound like your kind of action? See your Oldsmobile Dealer. He has your number: 4-4-2!

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OLDSMOBILE
The Rocket Action Car!



1251. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all.



1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



1063. Bernstein "at top of his form."—High Fidelity



1301. Also: Stayed Too Long at the Fair, Getta Move, etc.



1162. Also: Ravin' Gambler, A Traveler, Getta Move, etc.



1297. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond the Reef, etc.



1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—NFI Rev.



1306. Also: Land of Hope and Glory, This Is My Country, etc.



1350. Also: Third Man Theme, Caravan, Solitude, etc.



1093. "A work of genius... colossal score!"—High Fidelity



1044. Also: Tara's Theme, Imagination, Laura, etc.



1263. "Magnificent performance!"—High Fidelity



1035. "A show that's perfectly wonderful."—Ed Sullivan



1081. Also: Baby Face, Walk, Patsy, N.Y. World-Telegram



1098. "Fierce impact and momentum in parts."



1296. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Lerner, Chabrier



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1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—High Fidelity



1371. Say It, Too Young to Go Steady, Nancy, 8 in all



1044. Also: Tara's Theme, Imagination, Laura, etc.



1263. "Magnificent performance!"—High Fidelity



1035. "A show that's perfectly wonderful."—Ed Sullivan



1081. Also: Baby Face, Walk, Patsy, N.Y. World-Telegram



1098. "Fierce impact and momentum in parts."



1296. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Lerner, Chabrier



1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—High Fidelity



1077. "A master of his instrument."—N.Y. Herald Tribune



1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Mary Young, etc.



1232. Casey Jones, Waiting for a Train, Chain Gang, 9 in all



1107-1108. Twin-Pack (Counts as Two Selections.) "Zestful... a powerful, vital statement!"—NFI/Stereo Review



1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, The Apartment, etc.



1302. Also: The High and The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.



1196. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos."—High Fidelity



1521. Also: When I Fall in Love, Like Someone in Love, etc.



1556. World's Fair, Unisphere, Iberia, Clements, 2 more —Newsweek



1605. America's most celebrated organist."



1017. Also: Wheel of Fortune, Blueberry Hill, Cry, etc.



1107-1108. Twin-Pack (Counts as Two Selections.) "Zestful... a powerful, vital statement!"—NFI/Stereo Review



1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, The Apartment, etc.



1302. Also: The High and The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.



1196. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos."—High Fidelity



1521. Also: When I Fall in Love, Like Someone in Love, etc.

of these exciting pre-recorded 4-track

Stereo Tapes

\$5.98

Value up to \$37.80
at reg. Club price

FOR ONLY

If you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 150 to be offered in the next 12 months

FREE—if you join now

REVOLUTIONARY SELF-THREADING TAKE-UP REEL



Just drop the end of the tape over this reel, start your recorder, and watch it thread itself! Unique Scotch® process automatically threads up tape of any thickness, releases freely on rewind.

HERE'S A CONVENIENT, ECONOMICAL WAY TO BUILD A STEREO TAPE LIBRARY

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE FORTUNATE PEOPLE who own 4-track stereo tape playback equipment, you know the thrill of the near-perfect fidelity, the unsurpassed sound of tape. Now you have an exceptional opportunity to build an outstanding collection of superb stereo tapes at great savings through the most generous offer ever made by the Columbia Stereo Tape Club!

By joining now you may have ANY FOUR of the magnificently recorded 4-track stereo tapes described here — sold regularly by the Club for up to \$37.80 — for only \$5.98!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 4 PRE-RECORDED STEREO TAPES FOR ONLY \$5.98 — simply fill in and mail the coupon today. Be sure to indicate which Club Division best suits your musical tastes: Classical or Popular.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts chooses outstanding selections for both Divisions. These selections are described in the entertaining and informative Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of tapes offered in the Magazine to members of both Divisions . . . or take no tape in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase 5 tapes from the more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional tapes . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE TAPES GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing five tapes you will receive — FREE — a 4-track stereo tape of your choice for every two additional tapes you buy.

The tapes you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$7.95 (occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

SEND NO MONEY — Just mail the coupon today to receive your four pre-recorded 4-track stereo tapes — ALL FOUR for only \$5.98!

IMPORTANT NOTE: All tapes offered by the Club must be played on 4-track stereo play-back equipment. If your tape recorder does not play 4-track stereo tapes you may be able to convert it simply and economically. See your local service dealer for complete details.

COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB
Terre Haute, Indiana

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COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CLUB, Dept. 433-1
Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your special offer and have written in the boxes at the right the numbers of the 4 tapes I would like to receive for \$5.98, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I will also receive my self-threading reel — FREE! I enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

☐ CLASSICAL ☐ POPULAR

I understand that I may select tapes from either Division. I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months, at the regular Club price plus a small mailing and handling charge. Thereafter, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to receive a 4-track, pre-recorded tape of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

Print Name.....

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This offer is available only within the continental limits of the U.S.

T-15 © Columbia Records Distribution Corp., 1965

SEND ME THESE FOUR TAPES

(fill in numbers below)

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

7.....

8.....

9.....

10.....

In Chicago—the newer the building
the more likely it is to have Gas heat

As Chicago's skyline goes up—Gas rates go down!

As more and more far-sighted Chicago builders choose Gas heat and Gas air conditioning, we supply more Gas. And increased sales, along with operating economies and lower income taxes, have made still another reduction possible for Peoples Gas customers.

The latest decrease means Chicago Gas rates have been cut 10 million dollars in three years! That's a big saving for Chicago homeowners—a big saving for the builders and owners of modern apartment and commercial buildings like these.

And the people who rent or buy the new apartments will save also. In most cases, the building owners supply Gas heat and Gas air conditioning to tenants—simply because Gas is

so economical.

But the *tenant* pays the bill in Chicago apartments that have electric heat!

That's one reason today's builders prefer Gas energy. Gas always pays off in the long run because prospective buyers and tenants today are aware that Gas means savings.

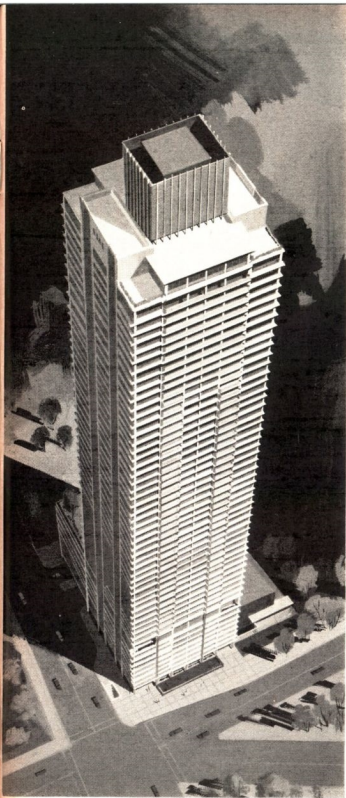
Condominiums, too, are a lot easier to sell when buyers realize they can save thousands of dollars by using Gas heat over the life of their mortgages.

Every day more far-sighted builders—and more smart renters—are deciding on Gas-equipped buildings.

Today, more than ever, Gas does the BIG JOBS better—for less!



THE
PEOPLES GAS
LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY



**Highest milestone on the magnificent mile
is 1000 Lake Shore Plaza**

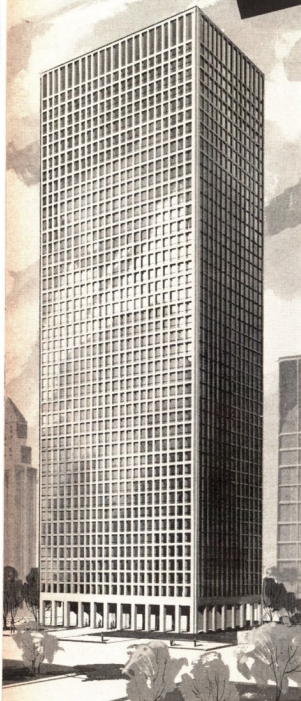
Developed by Harold Perlman
Designed by Sidney H. Morris & Associates
Mechanical Engineering by Nachman Vragel
& Associates
Mechanical Contracting by William Adams
Engineers, Inc.



**Careful planning makes Outer Drive East
the fastest renting hi-rise building in the world!**

Developed by The Jupiter Corporation
Designed by Hirschfeld, Pawlan and Reinheimer
Mechanical Engineering by Nachman Vragel &
Associates
Mechanical Contracting by Economy Plumbing
& Heating Co., Inc.

In Chicago—the newer the building
the more likely it is to have Gas heat



**Twin spires of Hollywood Towers rise over
modernistic swimming pool**

Hollywood Towers—5701 N. Sheridan
Designed by L. R. Solomon—J. D. Cordwell
& Associates, Inc.
Mechanical Engineering by William Goodman
Mechanical Contracting by Economy Plumbing &
Heating Co., Inc.



**Clean, functional design of DeWitt Apartments
encloses forty-four floors of contemporary comfort**

DeWitt Apartments—DeWitt & Chestnut Sts.
Designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill
Developed by Metropolitan Structures, Inc.

C3 Mechanical Contracting by Thermo-Dynamics, Inc.

**Luxurious 339 Barry becomes Chicago's
first hi-rise condominium**

Developed by F & S Construction Co., Inc.

Designed by Fridstein and Fitch

Mechanical Contracting by Thermo-Dynamics, Inc.

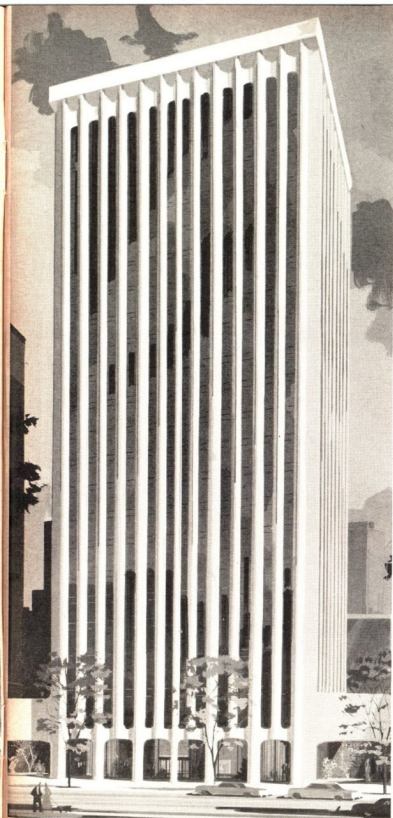


**Central service core eliminates interior columns in
gleaming 22-story American Dental Association Building**

ADA Building—211 E. Chicago Ave.

Designed by Graham, Anderson, Probst and
White, Inc.

Mechanical Contracting by M. J. Corboy
Corporation



In Chicago—the newer the building
the more likely it is to have Gas heat



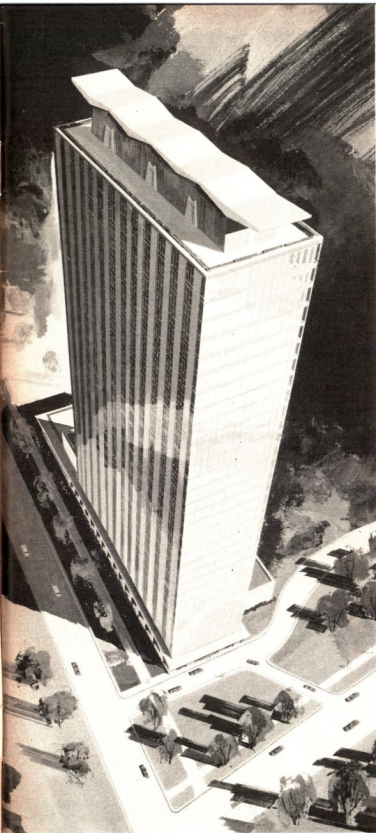
30-story Ritchie Tower's striking design gives every apartment corner exposure

Ritchie Tower—1310 N. Ritchie
Designed by Barancik, Conte and Associates
Mechanical Contracting by Thermo-Dynamics, Inc.

Hanover House provides contemporary comfort in antique setting

Hanover House—21 W. Goethe St.
Designed by Barancik, Conte and Associates
Developed by Construction Developers Company
Mechanical Contracting by Thermo-Dynamics, Inc.





Triple soundproofing makes 222 Pearson East a quiet oasis just blocks from the Loop

Designed by L. R. Solomon—J. D. Cordwell & Associates, Inc.

Consulting Engineer, William Goodman

Developed by Samuel Pearl

Mechanical Contracting by Economy Plumbing & Heating Co., Inc.



3150 Lake Shore Drive—soaring tower with Lincoln Park for a front lawn

Developed by Lake Shore Management Co.

Designed by Shaw, Metz and Associates

Mechanical Engineering by John Dolio and Associates

Mechanical Contracting by Economy Plumbing & Heating Co., Inc.

In Chicago—the newer the building
the more likely it is to have Gas heat

Interesting design and spacious layout add warmth
to Chicago Child Care Society, 5467 S. University Ave.

Built by R. C. Wieboldt Co.

Designed by George Fred Keck-William Keck

Mechanical Engineering by Samuel R. Lewis
& Associates


Mechanical Contracting by Borg, Inc.




Award-winning octagonal tower of U.S. Gypsum provides
column-free office space

U.S. Gypsum—101 S. Wacker Dr.

Designed by The Perkins and Will Partnership
Mechanical Contracting by Economy Plumbing
and Heating Co., Inc.



Contemporary styling at 949-53 E. 86th Street provides
up-to-date living for particular families
Built by George Sanger



1016 Balmoral provides modern design—right down
to sunken fountain in lobby
Built by Eugene R. Corley Builders

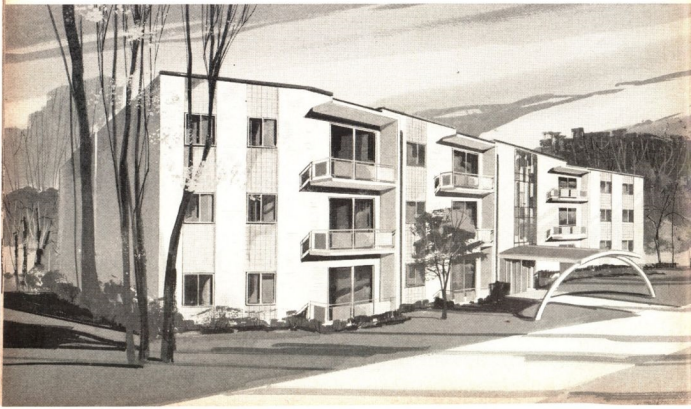
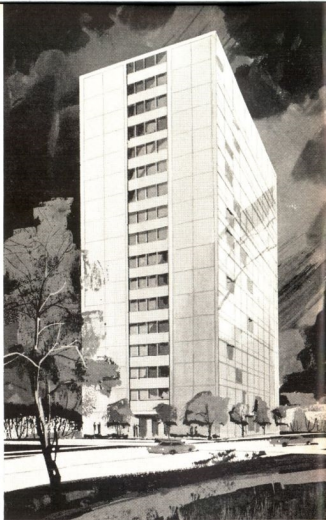
In Chicago—the newer the building
the more likely it is to have Gas heat

196-apartment building at 71st and Vincennes is
conveniently located.

Designed by John Black-Pace Associates, Inc.
Built by McHugh Construction Co.

Arched entrance and balconied apartments set styling pace
at soundproofed 11365 S. Western Ave.

Built by Roy T. Barry



Striking Williamsburg motif of 6225-71 Cicero Ave.
provides pleasant change of pace
Built by Valenti Builders, Inc.



2637 West Bryn Mawr Ave. offers hi-rise
luxury in a three-story structure
Built by R & W Pontarelli

C10

In Chicago—the newer the building
the more likely it is to have Gas heat

Latest building innovations make 500 W. Belmont's
seventy-two apartments popular for north-side luxury
Built by Mars Construction, Inc.
Designed by David Schiff



Balconied design at 5432 W. Windsor Ave., proves a
successful condominium formula

Developed by Edward L. Holzrichter
Built by Taley Builders



Luxury building at 2336 N. Commonwealth Ave., provides
spacious living over its own garage

Designed by Ronald Handler

Developed by Max Stern



6972 W. Belmont Ave., makes beautiful use
of available land

Built by Schorsch Bros. Homebuilders

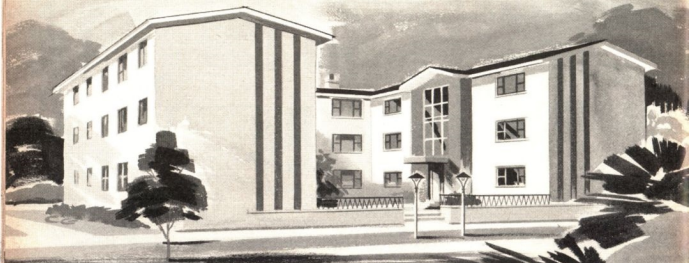


C12

THE
PEOPLES GAS
LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY

In Chicago—the newer the building
the more likely it is to have Gas heat

Enclosed-court design at 8700 S. Paxton Avenue
adds estate-like atmosphere
Built by Tot Construction



6230 W. 64th Place provides contemporary setting for
nine spacious apartments
Built by Choyce Bros., Inc.



Today, more than ever,
GAS does the BIG JOBS better—for less!

These are just twenty-four of the new Chicago buildings now utilizing Gas energy to help rent and sell apartments and offices. There are thousands of others. And it's no coincidence that the far-sighted builders who

specify Gas are frequently the most successful. They're the ones who kept the long-range benefit of their future renters and buyers uppermost in mind. Gas pays off. These are builders who have proved it. Think it over.



TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 13

WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Steve McQueen in an outstanding performance as an introverted soldier in Paramount's *Hell Is for Heroes* (1962).

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). True story of Bill Witherspoon, sentenced to die in the Cook County, Ill., electric chair on Valentine's Day unless the U.S. Supreme Court commutes the sentence.

Thursday, January 14

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Barbara Rush and Hugh O'Brian star in the first half of a two-part drama about a secret society's attempt to destroy the U.N. Color.

Friday, January 15

THE BOB HOPE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). Highlights of the comedian's Christmas tour of U.S. bases in Korea, Thailand, South Viet Nam, the Philippines and Guam.

Saturday, January 16

A.F.L. ALL-STAR GAME (ABC, 2-5 p.m.). The Eastern all-stars play the Western all-stars in New Orleans' Sugar Bowl.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9:11-15 p.m.). Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness and Louis Jourdan in *The Swan* (1956). Color.

THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Guests celebrating this show's first anniversary include Debbie Reynolds, Gene Barry, Tony Martin, Cyd Charisse, Bette Davis, Groucho Marx, Ballet Star Jacques d'Amboise.

Sunday, January 17

TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The story of the forgotten front, the 38th parallel in Korea, and the men who still guard it.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Peter Lawford stars as General Alexander William Doniphan, who in 1838 refused to carry out the execution of Mormon leaders.

THE WIZARD OF OZ (CBS, 7-9 p.m.). Seventh annual broadcast of the film classic starring Judy Garland, with Margaret Hamilton as the Wicked Witch of the West.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Part II of *Exodus*. Color.

SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). Premiere of a new series of international golf tournaments. American Dave Marr plays Britain's Bernard Hunt in England.

Monday, January 18

ALLAN SHERMAN'S FUNNYLAND (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Preview of a possible next-season comedy-variety series. Color.

BEN CASEY (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Susan Oliver stars as a Russian ballerina who gets the Casey tour of San Francisco's nightspots.

Tuesday, January 19

THE BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests include Lena Horne, Opera Stars Regina Resnik and Robert Merrill, Folk Singers Peter, Paul and Mary. Color.

* All times E.S.T.

THEATER

On Broadway

TINY ALICE, by Edward Albee. Life is a many-symbolized thing in this opaque play of the post-Christian ethos. Paradoxically, Alice's only emotional vitality stems from Christian symbols and experience. The language is sometimes eloquent but often merely prolix. The cast, headed by John Gielgud, is a matchless marvel.

HUGHIE is a one-act, 65-minute postlude to *The Iceman Cometh* and Eugene O'Neill's obsessive theme that truth kills and the lie of illusion nourishes life. In a performance of consummate skill, Jason Robards does precisely what O'Neill always asked of himself, even in lesser plays—he lays his life on the lines.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. One of the most remarkably versatile talents of the contemporary stage. Zero Mostel breathes life into this nostalgic and poignant musical comedy derived from Sholom Aleichem's tales of Tevye and his five daughters.

POOR RICHARD does not register as many laughs as *Mary, Mary*, but Jean Kerr again produces the wit that is instant wisdom. Alan Bates plays the kind of mixed-up wanderer that women so yearn to straighten out and anchor.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Diana Sands and Alan Alda rough each other up with steady hilarity in Bill Manhoff's sexy and sassy rendition of the war between the sexes.

LUV. Murray Schisgal turns the theater of the absurd upside down, and sophisticated laughter tumbles out. Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin are exemplars of fine comic acting.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. Joan Littlewood and her troupe mock and grieve over the senselessness and tragedy beneath the uniforms and military doubletalk of World War I. It is a scorching, fascinating evening in the theater.

Off Broadway

BABES IN THE WOOD. Rick Besoyan's musical spoof of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* mimics Gilbert and Sullivan, nineteenth-century musicals and burlesque to provide a diverting trifle for playgoers.

THE SLAVE AND THE TOILET argue that the Negro wants not so much to be equal as to be able to retaliate. LeRoi Jones's latest contributions to the theater of cruelty are one-act spasms of fury.

RECORDS

Orchestral

MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 1 (London). Mahler's most frequently recorded work contains just about everything but the bossa nova, and it takes a conductor of exceptionally high voltage to weld the folklike songs, the funeral march (to the tune of *Frère Jacques*), the dreamy ruminations, and apocalyptic outbursts into a brassbound emotional blockbuster. George Solti is that conductor, and the London Symphony is the orchestra.

MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 5 (2 LPs; RCA Victor). Erich Leinsdorf leads the Boston Symphony on this long musical odyssey, and with the first galvanic trumpet call promises excitement that he delivers in full. Leonard Bernstein, on Columbia, conducted a flashing and poetic *Fifth* last

year, but Leinsdorf demonstrates that drama can also be heightened by tension and cool control. On Side 4 he conducts excerpts from Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* hauntingly sung by Soprano Phyllis Curtin.

MOZART: SYMPHONIES NO. 31 ("THE PARADE") AND NO. 34 (Angel). Otto Klemperer and the Philharmonia probably make these galant symphonies sound weightier than Mozart intended, but theirs is an impeccable performance; every strand of melody is spun out and polished to a high luster.

MOZART: SINFONIA CONCERTANTE FOR VIOLIN, VIOLA AND ORCHESTRA (Columbia). A chamber group from the Cleveland Orchestra makes Mozart exquisitely airy. For soloists to help the string section weave the shimmering gossamer, Conductor George Szell turned to his own fine concertmaster, Rafael Druian, and his principal violinist, Abraham Skernick.

TCHAIKOVSKY: SYMPHONY NO. 6 ("PATHE'TIQUE") (Deutsche Grammophon). Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic do not reveal their dramatic intentions until the third movement. It develops from a brisk march into an inexorably advancing avalanche of sound that is eventually submerged in the ebbing, surging melodies of the finale.

CARL NIELSEN: SYMPHONY NO. 2 (Vox). Sibelius' contemporary and compatriot substituted his early, danceable symphony "The Tempests" and assigned a different humor to each movement: choric, phlegmatic, melancholic and sanguine (a sanguine man, according to Nielsen, is the sort who believes that "fried pigeons will fly into his mouth without work"). Conductor Carl Garaguly and the Tivoli Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra faithfully reproduce each mood.

CINEMA

MARRIAGE-ITALIAN STYLE. Director Vittorio De Sica (*Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*) pairs Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni in a hilarious, fiercely moral old tearjerker about a Neapolitan pastry-maker who is dragged to the altar by an indomitable tart.

ZORBA THE GREEK. Like the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, this cinemadaption by Michael Cacoyannis raises a roaring amen to life as it is and a lusty cheer for the man who dares to live it to hellagone. The man is portrayed by Anthony Quinn with noble savagery and goatish gusto.

WORLD WITHOUT SUN. In this fascinating, full-color documentary by Oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau (*The Silent World*) seven oceanauts spend a month in a manfish bowl, an underwater tank town full fathom five below the surface.

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG. Like a kid with a handful of bright new crayons, French Director Jacques Demy transforms a sadly cynical musical about young love into a film of unique and haunting beauty.

TO LOVE. More sex in Sweden, the land of the midnight fun, but this time sex is satirized in the sappy story of a hot-blooded travel agent (Zbigniew Cybulski) who demonstrates to a merry widow (Harriet Andersson) that the best kind of travel is abroad.

GOLDFINGER. James Bond again smoothly travestied by Sean Connery, who destroys criminals and devastates their ladies, but preserves Fort Knox's gold.

SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. A taut English thriller about a demented psychic (Kim Stanley) and her spouse (Richard



ONE BELLCOMM JOB IS TO THINK ITS WAY THERE AND BACK

Bellcomm, Inc., is the newest—and by far the smallest—Bell System company. But its job is one of the biggest.

Bellcomm was set up at the request of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to bring the Bell System's planning experience to bear on the problems of manned space flight to the moon and beyond.

This type of planning, called Systems Engineering, is the art of mixing, matching and mating seemingly diverse equipment and functions and goals in order to create a unified, coherent operation like a nationwide phone system, or a moon flight.

Bellcomm's scientists and engineers are now busy analyzing the many missions and tasks of Project Apollo.

This includes analysis of the hardware that has been developed in the form of space vehicles, instrumentation, and the like. The hazards presented by the moon and by deep space are considered, and also the psychological factors of prolonged flight in a weightless environment.

Bellcomm's job is to think, to study and to advise; others design and manufacture. Bellcomm must see that all factors are considered, all questions asked and answered—and this means thinking its way to the moon and back many times before the actual flight.

Bellcomm is staffed by highly talented engineers and scientists who have been attracted by the arduous and exciting work. Every man and woman in the Bell System takes pride in the company's momentous assignment.



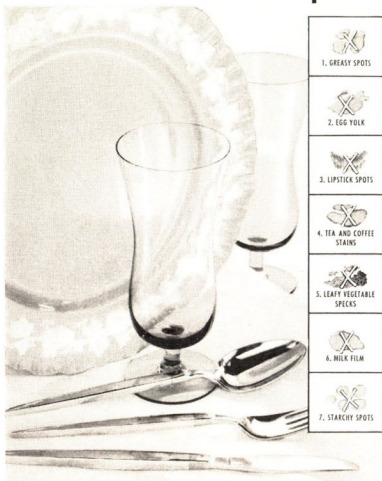
Bell System

American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
and Associated Companies

See! Dishwasher **all**

not only ends water spots...but

dissolves 7 of the most stubborn spots



Guarantees spot-free washing,
the most spot-free glasses, silver, dishes any
dishwasher can wash—or your money back!

New Dishwasher **all's** super-penetrating solution gets in and under spots, lifts them off and floats them away. Your dishes come out sparkling clean—even after being stacked for hours in your dishwasher. And Dishwasher **all** is recommended by every leading dishwasher manufacturer. Get new Dishwasher **all**—new color, new fragrance!

Dishwasher **all** is recommended completely safe for finest china by the American Fine China Guild.



Attenborough) who carry out a kidnapping suggested by voices from Beyond.

THE PUMPKIN EATER. Marriage is a sex war in this incisive British drama, with Anne Bancroft as a three-time contender suffering from battle fatigue.

MY FAIR LADY. The movie version of the Lerner-Loewe musical remains indestructible showmanship, with Audrey Hepburn as the grimy flower peddler brought to full bloom by Professor Rex Harrison.

BOOKS

Best Reading

LOVE AND REVOLUTION, by Max Eastman. An adventure-filled autobiography by the first of the Red-struck young U.S. intellectuals to comprehend the terrors and cruelties of Stalin's Russia. Eastman's only regret at 82 is that he didn't crowd even more into his life.

A COVENANT WITH DEATH, by Stephen Becker. A flavorful tale of a Mexican border state in the '20s, and the legal issue of whether a man, about to hang for a murder he did not commit, should be punished for killing the hangman.

RUSSIA AT WAR, 1941-45, by Alexander Werth. The reader has to dig for them, but there are rewards in this vast work, the first complete history in English of this titanic struggle.

THE FOUNDING FATHER, by Richard Whalen. This authoritative biography of Joseph P. Kennedy describes the building of his fortune and illustrious dynasty.

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY, by John O'Hara. The fourth recent collection of short stories shows a consistent excellence seldom achieved by any writer. In his tales of well-off, middle-aged people, the novelist defines his spiritual habitat as clearly as Faulkner staked out Yoknapatawpha.

THE DIARIES OF PAUL KLEE, edited by Felix Klee. Like his contemporaries Freud and Jung, Klee sought out the hieroglyphs of the heart in squiggly, childlike paintings. His diaries follow a parallel path of impromptu ebullience.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE, edited by E. W. Tedlock Jr. Her essays, letters and a fictionalized memoir transform Mrs. D. H. Lawrence from an offstage presence into a compelling figure who was passionately loyal to her husband's work, if, on at least one occasion, unfaithful to his person.

Best Sellers

FICTION

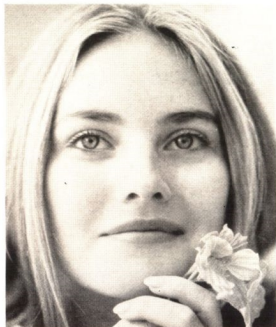
1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
3. The Man, Wallace (3)
4. This Rough Magic, Stewart (4)
5. The Horse Knows the Way, O'Hara (7)
6. Julian, Vidal (8)
7. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (5)
8. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (6)
9. Armageddon, Uris
10. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (9)

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarkjöld (1)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (2)
3. The Italians, Barzini (4)
4. My Autobiography, Chaplin (8)
5. The Kennedy Years, the New York Times and Viking Press (3)
6. The Words, Sartre (10)
7. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (6)
8. Not Under Oath, Kieran
9. The Future of Man, De Chardin (9)
10. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley

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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: You have restored a sense of majesty to the man and to the office.

HENRY ALLEN WHITE

Chesterfield, Mo.

Sir: I must admit that I was disappointed to see the cover, however, after reading the first two paragraphs of your article, I realized that he was the first and only choice.

CHRISTINE SALINA

Baltimore

Sir: Surely you jest.

JILL CLEVELAND

New York City

Sir: You have a reputation for being snide, biased and right-wing. Anyone who says so would be well advised to read your cover story on President Johnson. It is the most honest and intelligent piece of political journalism I have read in a long while. That it was not written 50 years hence, after historians had hashed over the subject and all its implications, makes it a masterpiece.

ROSEMARY WELLS

Boston

Sir: I see that Johnson has pulled the wool over even your usually very perceptive eyes.

GEORGENE BRUNELL

Philadelphia

Sir: He should appoint Goldwater his "Vice-Man of the Year." If not for Barry, Lyndon would never have made it.

NORMAN H. SELENGUT

Brooklyn

Sir: Though no Democrat, I read with enraptured interest your masterly and understandably admiring presentation to us of our President. Your analysis of this remarkable man has done much to obliterate the staggering effect of our last election on me.

COLIN S. DOUGLAS

Milford, Conn.

Sir: But why, pray tell, should an excellent publication take such pains to insult 26 million people by crowning Mr. Johnson? I supported Mr. Goldwater at the cost of a few friends, which I considered negligible, but now to have lost TIME as a friend also is more than I can take!

NORMAN VAN COR

Pease A.F.B., N.H.

Sir: I do not believe there is an American today, regardless of party affiliation, who could doubt the facts in your story on L.B.J. However, the President should realize that Americans will not vote for him if he does not assume international leadership immediately. He is no good to us as a domestic leader and a foreigner.

DAVID K. FIEDLER

St. Louis

Sir: Not only the Man of the Year, but the man of our time, L.B.J. is proving to be the most astute of domestic and world leaders. He avoids crises knowing that time cures all ills. He knows how to talk to the Congress, business and labor. He respects economic science and medicine. He is preparing the nation for the new world of peace, science and trade, where there will be no poverty but educated masses equipped to cope with our problems through training and sacrifice. Finally, what other leader would have the courage to discard the white tie and the morning coat?

WALTER WANGER

New York City

Sir: May God forgive you your grave error!

DOUGLAS B. HOEHN

Wyckoff, N.J.

Sir: Let's be honest. Lyndon Johnson is a man of crass aspirations. He is President because he panders to our ignoble inclinations to be self-seeking and to shrink from hard duty.

Eventually we will pay the price of our indulgence.

NOEL G. PETERSEN

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: TIME has made an intelligent selection with a favorable prognosis: President Johnson + time = the Great Society.

E. ABRAHAM JR.

Chicago

Sir: I am thoroughly convinced President Johnson is a far greater man than W. C. Fields was—but only time will tell if he is as comical.

W. R. LAMBERT

Norfolk, Va.

Sir: President Johnson is your softest choice since that automaton Elizabeth II of England was named Woman of the Year for just stepping into her dead father's shoes in 1952.

FINBARR SLATTERY

Killarney, Ireland

Sir: Your cover of President Johnson looks as if he had been injected with embalming fluid.

MARTIN M. FILLER

Camden, N.J.

Sir: Peter Hurd and his wife Henriette Wyeth Hurd captured a true likeness. His squinting, almost closed eyes are a most graphic illustration of his myopic, if not blind, views of many of the situations now facing this country.

H. MICHAEL WAMSLEY

Waukegan, Ill.

Sir: TIME's cover painters presented not gloating triumph but a beautifully sensitive portrayal of the President as a man of concern, dedication and awareness.

THERESA LAWRENCE

Jacksonville

Christian Renewal

Sir: Many a Christian, disgusted by prosaic sermons, repelled by archaic dogma and beset by honest doubts, will find renewed hope in your Dec. 25 issue. No reform—social, political or religious—filters down from the top; it rises from the bottom, out of an undeniable need. For Christians of all sects your article has brought that need into sharp focus.

MARGARET S. HINDE

Warrington, Pa.

Sir: May Pike, Robinson and Tillich take their places beside Augustine, Francis and Luther for their contributions to the modern Reformation.

WILLIAM L. HAYES

Peoria, Ill.

Sir: Your article had an impressive array of quotations combined together to form one beautiful piece of incoherent nonsense. To some (even graduates in the sciences), it is not intuitively obvious that a better human understanding of the world around us robs God of the ability to perform miracles. My understanding of Christianity is God in search of lost men, not men in search of a lost God.

RONALD R. HATCH

Ellicott City, Md.

Sir: Re your fine reproduction of Graham Sutherland's monumental tapestry: the story of this remarkable work of art is told and illustrated in a little book recently published in London called *Sutherland: Christ in Glory in the Tetramorph, The Genesis of the Great Tapestry in Coventry Cathedral*. It is distributed in the U.S. by the New York Graphic Society.

BURTON CUMMING

New York Graphic Society, Inc.

Greenwich, Conn.

Reverses in Viet Nam

Sir: It appears that the U.S. is considering either a negotiated settlement or a withdrawal in South Viet Nam (Jan. 8). Any solution short of victory, which is possible, will nullify all the efforts of those who have given so much. They will have died in vain. Unfortunately it is the Vietnamese people who will suffer the most. Our involvement in Viet Nam is rapidly becoming the greatest political and military debacle in our history. If we were incapable, there would be an excuse. There is no excuse.

JAMES RUSSELL

Saigon

Sir: I take vehement exception to your statement, "It can be argued that there is nothing wrong with a military dictator-

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ship in a war-torn country [Jan. 1]. If there is one thing that the U.S. advisory effort in Viet Nam has attempted to do, it is to impress upon the Vietnamese army the supremacy of civil authority. Your statement flies in the face of every tenet held by the armed forces of the U.S., and we should be worse than hypocritical if we failed to apply the same standard to others as well. Is there a difference between Communist dictatorship and anti-Communist dictatorship?

DONALD E. CLOSE
Captain, U.S.A.

Fort Sill, Okla.

Sir: It should now be very apparent to all that our biggest mistake in Viet Nam was to bow to the demands of the "oppressed" Buddhists and permit Diem to be overthrown.

WILLIAM G. MURMAN

Cleveland

Insulted

Sir: You insulted all Africans by calling the brave nationalist Simbas ignorant savages [Dec. 4]. Who is brutal? U.S. imperialists who help butcher 15,000 innocent Africans to save 80 dead whites? Or the Simbas who punish traitors who recognize imperialist-installed Tshombe?

MWAKOLO MGOGO

Mbeya, Tanzania

Sir: If "savagery, corruption and anarchy" rule in the Congo today, it is hardly fair to imply that Patrice Lumumba helped make it that way [Dec. 25]. Tribal rivalry and warfare has existed in the country for much longer than 39 years. The fact is that Lumumba was the only Congolese leader who has ever commanded anything close to a national following. Lumumba was idealistic and uncompromising and he made many mistakes. But if he was not a saint, he was not Satan either.

KATIE FRANKLE

New London, Conn.

Nazi History

Sir: Your analysis of Germany's problem with trials of Nazi murderers [Dec. 25] was thorough. But in addition, it should be pointed out that the 20-year statute of limitations for murder only means that within those 20 years there must take place at least one act of judicial prosecution (e.g., hearing of a witness, seizure of incriminating documents). If this is done the limitation is void, and an entirely new 20-year period is set in motion. This is why it is so tremendously important for all persons or governments still retaining evidence of these murders to bring it out now, as the federal government of Germany has asked them to do.

UWE KAESTNER

Bad Godesberg, Germany

Cruel Parents

Sir: For "Katherine B. DeHinger" shouldn't we read "Katherine B. Oettinger"? Someone at TIME must have worse handwriting than mine.

ROBERT S-W-E-Z-E-Y JR.

Chicago

Someone does. TIME regrets its misspelling of Mrs. Oettinger's name.

In the Bag

Sir: You neglected to mention the following in your article on collegiate expressions [Jan. 1]: Moose: inferior brew;

remux: tall tale; taking pipe: to flag a quiz; thrash: any of the modern dances.

DAVE JEFFS

Hoboken, N.J.

Sir: Those folk singers who strum their axes have embraced some of the old jazz slang—you don't really strum an ax, you blow it, no matter what instrument you have in mind. Also, bag has long meant musical style; Dave Brubeck quotes his son's pithy statement: "One man's bag is another man's prison."

GREG KOSTER

Westbury, N.Y.

Sir: The tube who wrote your article better book a little more; a B is not a B, it is a bomb. But on the whole, I would give him a hook plus.

GUY R. MACMILLIN

Paris

Sir: At Indiana University, a B is a Beulah.

RONALD L. CAHN

Bloomington, Ind.

Complenet Something

Sir: For a steelhead trout fishing trip [Jan. 1], I arose at 5 a.m., drove 2½ hours over snow-covered roads, experienced a near-fatal skid, stood from dawn to dusk in icy, chest-high water, and was buffeted by 50-knot gales. After being forced to drive the last 32 miles of the return trip home at 15 m.p.h. because of ice and slush, I at last staggered into the house at 8 p.m. proudly holding aloft the object of my efforts—a nine-pound "buck" steelhead! What do you mean, steelhead fishermen are "screwy people"?

HOWARD S. ARNOLD

Morton, Wash.

Good Grief

Sir: Little Orphan Annie's Sandy is going to get a beastly shock when he finds out he's been upstaged by that flop-eared beagle Snoopy [Jan. 1]. It's about as far upstage as you can get, actually.

BARBARA WATSON

Bellevue, Wash.

Sir: Damn! Leave Peanuts alone.

J. W. MANNING

San Francisco

Sir: Happiness is Robert Short keeping his mouth shut about my favorite comic strip!

(MRS.) SHERRI W. FRAZIER

Milledgeville, Ga.

Sir: Mr. Short left one question unanswered: Who is the Great Pumpkin?

MARYANN LANCE BRANDY

Oklahoma City

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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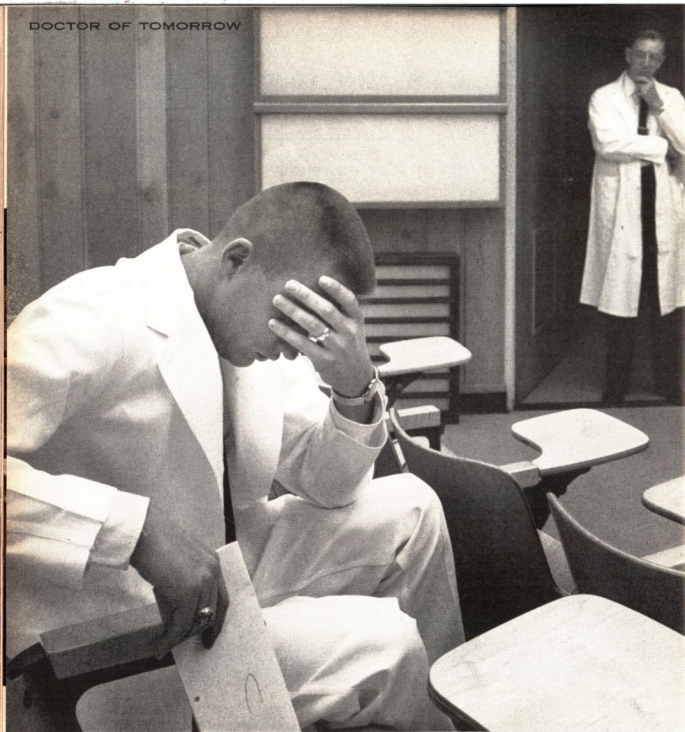
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Bernard M. Auer

TIME, JANUARY 15, 1965

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



Transfusion indicated

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It may be a case of better now than later. Or probing sympathy may find an emotional or money problem. But most probably it's the crushing avalanche of raw fact to be memorized at the start of medical study.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 15, 1965

Vol. 85, No. 3

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

A Modern Utopia

Contemplating the President's State of the Union message, Poet Carl Sandburg took the long view that his 87 years permit him. "I like his direction in general," said Sandburg. "He is no McKinley."

Everybody could agree on that. Depending on the point of view, Lyndon Johnson's distinctly non-McKinley vision gladdened or irritated the future inhabitants of his Great Society. Editorialists, naturally, were divided (*see PRESS*), and cartoonists had some fun with Johnson's boldness and prodigality. The most typical reaction seemed to be broad general approval—and a disposition to wait for specifics.

Remarkably, Johnson offered the widest-ranging program for improving U.S. life since the days of Franklin Roosevelt (in quantitative terms he easily outdid Harry Truman, who loved to barrage the Congress with proposals), and embraced everything from the fight against disease to the triumph of beauty—and yet did not make a single proposal that could be considered either radical or revolutionary. In its way, the speech was a masterpiece of Lyndon Johnson's brand of leadership, which consists, as he himself has put it, in looking at the stars but doing the possible—a form of engineering consent rather than inspiring irresistible enthusiasm.



"COME AND GET IT!"



"MAN CAN FLY—CAN'T HE?"

City of Promise. In the long run his program might draw less criticism from conservatives than from liberals, some of whom already complain that, despite the most impressive electoral victory in decades, Johnson is proceeding with extreme caution. ("Now let's not make a lot of people angry," Johnson constantly counseled his aides during the drafting of the speech.) It is nevertheless a program that promises substantial accomplishments because much of it has an excellent chance of being accepted on Capitol Hill (*see The Congress*).

On civil rights, Johnson's pledge to "eliminate every remaining obstacle to the right and opportunity to vote" drew widespread Congressional approval. In his requests for medicare, aid to education, emergency procedures for temporary tax cuts, the President sidestepped the most controversial features or built in compromises to disarm critics. His suggestion that the Taft-Hartley Act should be changed, with its hint that he wants to rescind state right-to-work laws, seemed on the radical side—until the White House passed word that Johnson does not intend to press for this in the near future.

Johnson offered a fascinating rainbow of proposals to improve the American environment, including a White House conference on natural beauty, rapid trains between big cities (four hours from Boston to Washington, a thought that chilled not a few Bostonians), desalinization of ocean water, purification of the air, creation of parks and "a green legacy" for the future. He was describing, in his own phrases, "the City

of Promise," and in its attention to detail, the vision was almost worthy of some of the classic utopians such as Étienne Cabet, who dreamed of a noiseless, dustless community, and Charles Fourier, who wanted to make lemonade from the sea. On closer inspection, the President's utopian proposals were certainly within the realm of the possible in an America that feels it can do anything. The question for the people to decide was whether they would want a Federal Government to do it—at a cost as yet unspecified.

How Good? Johnson conceded that the Great Society might take generations to construct, and his emphasis on the quality of life, while it would have perhaps sounded more natural coming from John Kennedy, introduced a refreshing note. "The Great Society asks not how much, but how good; not only how to create wealth but how to use it; not only how fast we are going, but where we are headed. It proposes as the first test for a nation: the quality of its people." Johnson's speech, in the view of Government Professor Samuel Beer of Harvard, takes politics out of its previous formula. Says Beer: "During the New Deal right up until the Kennedy Administration, the great concern of politics was redistribution. We now have the means for solving the economic problem; Johnson is less concerned with the distribution of material things than he is with raising the general level. The Great Society is largely based on education."

The speech aroused a good deal of speculation about where and how John-

son had latched on to the phrase "the Great Society." While there was apparently no single source (just before he mentioned it at Ann Arbor last May, he had been talking with Writers John Steinbeck and Barbara Ward, among many others), two possible inspirations are particularly intriguing. One is a 1927 book by Pragmatist Philosopher John Dewey, in which he discussed the "search for the Great Community" in terms of liberating individual potentialities; the other is a 1921 book by British Fabian Socialist Graham Wallas entitled *The Great Society*, which advocated beauty and serenity in a harsh, industrialized world through the psychological "Organization of Happiness." Whether or not Lyndon is indebted even indirectly to these sources, he is certainly a pragmatist, dedicated to organizing happiness in the U.S. and, if possible, the world.

Creative Inertia. Actually the least happy part of his speech concerned the world. Almost his only concrete suggestion in foreign affairs was that Russia's rulers visit the U.S. and, by implication, that Lyndon visit Russia—hints that so far have apparently not been taken up by the Kremlin. He tried to play on the divisions between Russia and China, claimed that for the last four years "no new nation" had gone Communist (technically correct, but hardly meaningful), and gave a low-keyed assurance about the U.S.'s staying on in Viet Nam.

He also suggested that the U.S. hence-

forth will expect more respect from all nations and more help from its allies: "We will not, and should not assume it is the task of Americans alone to settle all the conflicts of a torn and troubled world." At times Johnson struck a nice balance between selfless service and enlightened self-interest in U.S. dealings with the world, but in sum, as Paris' *Le Monde* put it, on foreign affairs, he suffered from "creative inertia."

The President was perhaps at his best, and most himself, in his peroration. Said he: "The presidency brings no special gift of prophecy or foresight. You take an oath, step into an office, and must then help guide a great democracy. The answer was waiting for me in the land where I was born. It was once barren land. But men came and worked and endured and built. Today that country is abundant with fruit, cattle, goats and sheep. There are pleasant homes and lakes, and the floods are gone."

"Why did men come to that once forbidding land? Well, they were restless, of course, and had to be moving on. But there was a dream—a dream of a place where a free man could build for himself and raise his children to a better life—a dream of a continent to be conquered, a world to be won, a nation to be made. Remembering this, I knew the answer. A President does not shape a new and personal vision of America. He collects it from the scattered hopes of the American past."

THE CONGRESS

An Adequate Number of Democrats

(See Cover)

It was during the President's usual nap time, and it took a little while before the call was put through. Finally, Carl Albert, majority leader of the House of Representatives, was able to say: "Mr. President, I'm here with the new minority leader, Jerry Ford, and the dean of the House, Manny Cellar, to report that the House is organized and ready for business."

"That's fine," said Lyndon Johnson. "I'm glad to know what's happening."

Soon afterward, with the parliamentary pomp, the exhilaration and the confusion of the opening sessions over, Oklahoma's mite-sized (5 ft. 4 in.) Carl Albert was back on the House floor, ready for almost anything that might happen in the 89th Congress. Strolling among the desks, Albert sized up and greeted the neophytes. "Hi, how are you getting along?" he asked, extending his hand. "Come by and see me if I can help you in any way." One eager newcomer asked when he could make a speech. Albert replied briskly: "When you feel ready and have something to say. Beyond that, there are no holds barred."

Enough for Two. All week long, the freshmen in both House and Senate moved uncertainly through their new surroundings. They were a diverse group, among them a machinist from Wisconsin, a mortician from New York, a spice merchant from Michigan, a labor leader from New Jersey, and a college dean of men from Iowa. Many have names that carry family echoes of one kind or another: in addition to Bobby Kennedy joining his brother Ted, they ranged from Maryland's Democratic Senator Joe Tydings, stepson of the late Millard Tydings, to California's Representative John Tunney, son of the former heavyweight champion. Many were symbols of political upheaval: a Democratic Congressman from Maine who won by 40,000 votes, a Republican from Mississippi who won by nearly 7,000, and a Democrat from New York's suburban Westchester County, the first of his party elected there in over 50 years. There were 20 Roman Catholics, 63 Protestants, six Jews and ten who professed no denomination among the 99 newcomers to the 89th (there are now 107 Roman Catholics in Congress, with 88 Methodists in second place). They were youngish, the average age being 44.

But mostly they were Democrats—71 in the House, six in the Senate. And they helped set the cast of Capitol Hill for the next two years—the most lopsided Democratic Congress since the one that convened in 1937. If Lyndon Johnson has anything to say about it, it will also be one of the hardest-working sessions in memory, for he means to use it as his springboard to the Great Society. Contemplating the President's legislative program, Senator Everett Dirksen remarked wearily that "there would easily



PRESIDENT JOHNSON, ALBERT (BOTTOM CENTER) & CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS
The Great Society will not be rubber-stamped.

be enough to engross the time and the attention not of one but of a number of Congresses."

Yet chances are that Johnson will get most of what he is asking for in this session.

Arranged for L.B.J. The numbers are with him. In the Senate, Democrats outnumber Republicans 68 to 32, and while Southern Democrats will continue to oppose many liberal measures, enough Northern Republicans are likely to line up with Lyndon to keep the Senate reasonably safe for his program. But the Senate has been fairly dependably Democratic for several sessions. Such has not been the case in the House—and it is in that volatile, unpredictable chamber that Johnson's Great Society bills will live or die. A muscular conservative coalition of Southern Democrats and rural Republicans had worked together to spoil or drastically slow down some favored bills of both John Kennedy's and Lyndon Johnson's Administrations. But now the Democrats have a 295-to-140 majority. Furthermore, they carried out a quick little revolution by making some significant changes in the rules and composition of key House committees—all carefully arranged to be pro-Johnson.

The true potential of the House can never be measured by the numbers alone. It springs from the state of 435 divergent minds, working within a welter of parliamentary mechanism and traditions. The task of making the Democratic majority consistently effective in this setting rests heavily on the Democratic leaders of the House—and none will feel the pressures more than Carl Bert Albert, 56, whose unassuming, somewhat puckish appearance masks not only a Rhodes Scholar but one of the sharpest political professionals in Congress.

He is second to Speaker John McCormack in the House party hierarchy, but Albert's delicate handling of the membership from the floor—developed to a profound proficiency after seven years as party whip and three as floor leader—will dictate to a large extent the pattern and timing of Lyndon's proposals. Says Albert: "I think we have a real opportunity to pull the party together."

Southern Discomfort. But first there had to be a little pulling apart. The leadership faced the thorny problem of disciplining two Dixie Democrats—Mississippi's John Bell Williams and South Carolina's Albert Watson—for defecting to Barry Goldwater during the campaign. Some hot-tempered Democrats, including Speaker McCormack, wanted them drummed out of the party. But Carl Albert and other cooler heads insisted on a less corrosive punishment, and the Democratic caucus merely stripped both renegades of their seniority on committees.

In the Senate, too, the Democrats staged a relatively minor North-South clash. Louisiana's Russell Long, 46, wanted to replace Vice President-elect



MAJORITY WHIP RUSSELL LONG
The Civil War is over.

Hubert Humphrey as majority whip—even though Huey Long's son has a notable record of anti-Administration votes, including those against medicare, aid to education, foreign aid, the nuclear test ban treaty, the Peace Corps and civil rights. Because of past political favors, because the liberals were badly organized—and because the White House carefully did not intervene—Russell Long won out over Rhode Island's John Pastore and Oklahoma's Mike Monroney. Said Russell after his election: "This means the Civil War is over." Indeed Long could go far to help swing at least a few Southern Democrats into the Administration's camp on some tough bills. And he has even hinted that he might ease his views on segregation: "I've been able to recognize that things move and to adjust myself to a changing world."

Canceling the Conservatives. With party punishment thus meted out and leadership jobs filled, the Democrats proceeded to grease every possible skid for Johnson's upcoming legislation. Most important was the move to establish control over two major points of conservative power in the House—the Ways and Means and the Appropriations committees, long dominated by a coalition of conservative-minded Democrats and Republicans. When it was chaired by Missouri's late Clarence Cannon, one of the crustiest old tightwads in House history, Appropriations often choked off extra funds for almost anything that smacked of liberal legislation. Cannon died last spring, and the chairmanship went to Texas Democrat George Mahon, a loyal Lyndon man—but to Democratic leaders there was still a disturbing aura of conservatism about many of the 50 committee members. As for the 25-man Ways and Means Committee, headed by Arkansas

Democrat Wilbur Mills, it had a long-time tilt to the right too—enough so that the committee managed to keep the Administration's medicare bill from ever getting to the House floor last year.

Thus, at their caucus on the Saturday before Congress convened, the Democrats made sure that henceforth things would be different. They did it by simply canceling a gentlemanly, if arbitrary, agreement made years ago between the late Speaker Sam Rayburn and G.O.P. Leader Joe Martin, to the effect that the ratio of party memberships on the two committees would be frozen, no matter what the makeup of the House. On Ways and Means, the majority party had 15, the minority 10, and on Appropriations the ratio was 30 to 20. The caucus voted to reject that standing ratio and make committee appointments on the basis of actual party membership in the House—and the Republicans had to go along. Thus Democrats would hold a hefty 34-to-16 margin on Appropriations and a 17-to-8 ratio on Ways and Means. Of course, the new members were to be of a distinct L.B.J. bent. Said Larry O'Brien, the President's No. 1 congressional liaison man: "Half the struggle of enacting the Johnson program was over Saturday evening."

Autocratic Outrages. The liberal Democrats' next target was the once mighty Rules Committee, which must pass on every bill before it goes to a floor vote. Until 1961 Virginia's conservative Democrat Howard ("Judge") Smith had almost dictatorial powers, because of a coalition with Republicans. Smith's strength was dissipated in 1961 when John Kennedy and Speaker Rayburn rammed through a change in committee membership. But Lyndon's lieutenants in Congress wanted to take no chances of any kind, and the caucus approved new rules that would give Speaker McCormack broad powers to release any bill bogged down in the Rules Committee for more than 21 days. Opponents of the move complained that it meant a return to the bad old days when the Speaker was a near autocrat, but the speakership is still a long way from Uncle Joe Cannon and Tom Reed, who liked to announce his arbitrary decisions by declaring: "Gentlemen, we have decided to perpetrate the following outrage . . ."

While the rules changes breezed through the Democratic caucus easily enough, they had to be approved by the full House—and, incredibly, the seemingly solid wall of Democrats was full of breaches on the session's first key vote. No fewer than 78 Democrats voted, along with 123 Republicans, to make amendments to the resolution. If 16 Republicans had not bolted to side with 208 liberal Democrats, carrying the rules changes 224 to 201, the majority party would have been beaten. Carl Albert, careful nose counter that he is, was startled, because it indicated defections by some Southern Democrats

who had last year helped squeeze several Administration bills through the House. Said he: "I don't think we have a runaway majority."

For the Image. Whether Albert will have to count consistently on a few Republicans to augment his majority remains to be seen. At any rate, the G.O.P. minority in the House was undergoing upheaval too. Last month Michigan's Gerald Ford (see following

story) had challenged the floor leadership of Charlie Halleck—on the grounds that old Charlie just did not fit the forward-looking image the party needed. Backing Ford was a group of rebels, including Wisconsin's Mel Laird, chairman of the G.O.P. Convention's Platform Committee at San Francisco, who went after the chairmanship of the Republican House caucus. It was a bitter fight, complicated by the fact that Con-

servatives Ford and Laird are anathema to some liberal Republicans. In a fit of pique, New York's John Lindsay actually backed Halleck. But Ford and Laird won. What did Ford think about Johnson's chances of getting his program through? Said he: "They certainly have adequate numbers of Democrats to put through everything they want—if they can hold the line."

The line will probably hold, if only because Lyndon Johnson is not likely to push too hard, will tend to ask only what he can reasonably expect to get. His legislative program and its probable fate in Congress shape up something like this:

• **HEALTH:** Since 1961, Democratic Administrations have tried in vain to get a medicare bill that would offer hospital care for Americans over 65, paid for by an additional social security tax. This year Johnson made medicare the subject of his first message to Congress and embedded it in an elaborate package of other health projects (see box). To make medicare acceptable, Johnson agreed with Wilbur Mills's plan to finance it with a separate payroll tax. The bill almost certainly will pass both houses. "That will be done quickly," predicted Albert. And New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson, a co-sponsor of the proposal, added: "This time it is going to be a law, not just a bill."

• **EDUCATION:** This is the bill the President seems to be keenest about this session. It calls for \$1.5 billion to be added the first year to the \$4 billion now being spent for federal aid to education. Unlike Kennedy, who sent up a public school construction bill that roused a roaring controversy in 1961 by flatly excluding private and parochial (mostly Roman Catholic) schools, Lyndon tiptoed around the religious issue. About \$1 billion of the package would go to public schools in "poverty-impacted" areas rather than across the board. The rest would be for individual scholarships and grants, and for carefully pinpointed programs such as expanded testing, guidance, and gifted children's facilities in both public and private schools. Albert called Johnson's cautious plan "a fringe attack on the education problem," but predicted it would still be tough to pass. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield agreed: "It will be a problem—although the religious debate is less of a factor every year."

• **TAXES:** Johnson wants to cut by about \$1.5 billion federal excise taxes on retail items, perhaps including luggage, jewelry, cosmetics. Congress is eager indeed to slash excise taxes—so much so that there is considerable agitation to repeal nearly all of them. Frugal Lyndon wants to stop far short of that and may run into rugged opposition to holding the cuts down to his figure. But Albert is slightly optimistic, says: "I do think something can be worked out." The President also wants Congress to

THE HEALTH BILL

THE health of our people is, inescapably, the foundation for fulfillment of all our aspirations," declared President Johnson in his special message to the Congress outlining a broad health-care program that he termed "practical, prudent and patient." Its goal, he said, was to lay a firm foundation for "the healthiest, happiest and most hopeful society in the history of man."

At the top of the list was the most controversial and most publicized item in the package: medical insurance for the aged. Johnson's medicare plan is similar to one that failed to pass last year,* except for one important difference: while the old plan would have been financed by a simple increase in social security taxes, the new plan sets up a separate trust fund to be administered under the social security program. The change precludes the possibility that unexpectedly high medical costs could endanger the solvency of the regular social security fund. It also means that workers will know just what medicare is costing them. As proposed, that cost will be a payroll tax of no more than .45 of 1% of each worker's annual earnings up to \$5,600, with a matching contribution by his employer. This is in addition to the present social security tax of 3.625% from employer and employee, which is already scheduled to rise to 4.62% by 1971.

Medicare would cover some 16 million persons aged 65 or over. Another 2,000,000 persons (many self-employed) not previously eligible for social security would receive similar benefits from the Government's administrative budget. Those benefits include up to 60 days of hospital care paid entirely out of the fund except for the first day, up to 60 days of post-hospital care in approved facilities such as nursing homes, up to 240 home-nursing visits a year, and certain outpatient diagnostic services.

* The Senate passed medicare as an amendment to a bill increasing social security benefits. In Senate-House conference, House conferees refused to accept medicare, and the bill died.

Newest concept in the package is a proposal to set up 32 multipurpose regional centers in a massive attack against heart disease, cancer and strokes, as recommended by a special presidential commission (TIME, Dec. 18). A prime function of the centers would be to diagnose these illnesses early and, in serious cases, help patients take advantage of such new lifesaving techniques as open-heart surgery and high-voltage radiation therapy. The centers would be federally financed extensions of existing medical schools, teaching hospitals and other medical centers. Staff personnel would be chosen by the institutions involved and would work directly for them. A five-year program is planned. Total cost: \$1.2 billion, to be financed from general revenues, not out of the medicare tax.

A third major proposal is to permit the Federal Government to contribute to the costs of medical and dental care for needy children in states that are ready to share the expense. Federal aid also would be increased for children who are crippled, mentally retarded, or disabled. Health clinics for migratory workers and their children would be extended, as would community vaccination services. Such increased aid to children would cost \$125 million the first year, \$320 million the next.

Other items include scholarships for medical and dental students "who would otherwise not be able to enter or complete such training," grants to help cover the operating costs of medical and dental schools and improve their teaching, funds to modernize existing hospitals, loans to build and equip group-practice clinics, and new federal controls over the production and distribution of habit-forming drugs.

No one, of course, knows the cost of this breath-taking proposal. Since it would start slowly, it is estimated that it would merely take an extra \$262 million out of general revenue, which would rise to \$800 million the following year. This is probably conservative, and is on top of employee and employer contributions.

ensure quickie tax-cut procedures that would allow fast—but temporary—action should a recession appear in the offing. Well aware that the legislative branch is savagely jealous of its taxation powers, Johnson wisely planned to leave the authority for quick cuts with the Congress rather than ask for the power himself—as John Kennedy had done when he lost out on a similar proposal in 1962.

• **LABOR:** While the President asked for repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act's Section 14-B, which allows states to have right-to-work laws that prohibit compulsory union shops, any real presidential pressure to force this measure through Congress would almost certainly create an uproar. It might harden the conservative-liberal schisms in both houses to the point where Johnson could lose valuable support on other more important bills. Though repeal of the clause was demanded in the 1960 and 1964 Democratic platforms, there seems little likelihood the President will risk a fight for it now. Says Mansfield: "We ought to have the legislation, but I am doubtful that we will get it this year." Johnson also wants to expand the federal minimum wage (\$1.25 an hour) to cover another 2,000,000 people—mostly hotel, restaurant and laundry workers. That measure has a far better chance.

• **AGRICULTURE:** Bluntly, the Johnson Administration has no idea what to propose for farm legislation this session. In his State of the Union address, Lyndon settled for brief platitudes, calling for "new approaches"—a phrase that drew laughter from him and his advisers as they drafted it. There is some talk in the Administration of lower support prices for larger, prosperous farmers, and higher ones for smaller growers. No matter what Johnson dreams up to mold the U.S. agricultural mess to fit the shape of a Great Society, 1965 farm legislation will be a sticky problem. Says Carl Albert: "This will be an urban-oriented Congress—and that means trouble for farm bills."

• **IMMIGRATION:** An early push will be given to a favorite Johnson bill—revising immigration to give priority to highly skilled people rather than fixing quotas arbitrarily for each country. This bill may hit a snag in the House, for the immigration subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee is chaired by testy Ohio Democrat Michael Feighan, who is as close to an isolationist as there is in today's Congress.

• **APPALACHIA:** Johnson wants this bill badly for his "war on poverty." It would offer about \$1 billion—mostly in job-creating road construction—to the deeply depressed eleven-state Appalachia region where the unemployment rate has risen to 15%. The Senate approved a bill last year, but the House never got around to it because Democratic leaders could not muster enough votes in the waning hours of the session. Chances are brighter in the 89th, al-



ARTIST'S DRAWING OF A PROJECTED 200-M.P.H. TRAIN
Visionary stardust and a quick little revolution.

though Albert admits, "We may have some trouble."

• **POVERTY:** Johnson wants to double the \$784 million appropriation he got last year for area-redevelopment and job-training programs. He will run into some skepticism from Congressmen with a show-us-some-results attitude, but sooner or later the liberal 89th will probably deliver.

• **URBAN AFFAIRS:** In 1961 John Kennedy proposed a Cabinet office to watch over the Government's city-oriented programs such as urban renewal and commuter transportation, as well as the federal complex of housing agencies. He was slapped down at least partly because Southern Congressmen suspected he was doing it to get Federal Housing and Home Finance Administrator Robert Weaver, a Negro, into the Cabinet. Weaver is still waiting in the wings, although Johnson has not committed himself as to who will occupy the post if it is created. Johnson will probably get this one through eventually.

Art & Trains. Visionary stardust glittered from many of the President's other proposals. He wants a modest \$20 million to study the possibility of a high-speed (200 m.p.h.) train between Washington and New York, and he will seek federal authority to control industrial air and water pollution. Both measures will probably pass easily. But he will find it harder to get funds to set up his suggested National Foundation for the Arts—if he really tries it, Congress' traditional distaste for spending tax money on culture cuts across liberal-conservative or even party lines.

Beyond the President's program for new legislation, there will be tussles over old familiar issues. The Senate is girding again for its usual argument over reducing the two-thirds vote required for cloture on a filibuster, and Republicans in both houses have prepared proposals that would cancel the Supreme Court's order to reapportion state legislatures on the basis of population only. Foreign aid will be a battle again. In the Senate,

two top Democrats—Arkansas' William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Majority Leader Mansfield—are agitating to have the bill split up instead of coming in "one big conglomerate mass." Their aim is to give Congress a chance to vote separately on various types of aid—a method that the White House strongly opposes. Foreign policy in general is already building up as potentially the most important debate in the 89th.

Good Soldier. The President will of course exert constant pressure on Congress, but will leave much of the overt maneuvering of members to House Majority Leader Albert. And Lyndon could scarcely ask for a better man on the Hill. Carl Albert is a fiercely competitive little man who was born to an Oklahoma coal miner, took his first schooling in a tiny woodstove-heated school at Bug Tussle (since renamed Flowery Mound). He worked his way through the University of Oklahoma, made the wrestling team, the debating team and produced a brilliant scholastic record in government, his major field. He won a Rhodes scholarship in 1931, took two law degrees at Oxford, where Secretary of State Dean Rusk was one of his classmates. Albert worked as a lawyer for several oil firms until 1940, briefly set up a private practice in McAlester, Okla., his home town. In 1941 he enlisted in the Army. Assigned briefly to Washington, he met and married a Pentagon clerk named Mary Harmon.

In 1946, as a newly released lieutenant colonel, Albert entered a five-man Democratic primary for Congress, eked out a 329-vote win out of more than 60,000 votes cast. Once elected, he immediately went to visit Sam Rayburn in Bonham, Texas, just across the Red River from Albert's home House district. Advised Rayburn: "Those who go along, get along." Answered Albert: "I'll be a good soldier."

Power Plays. During his first few years on Capitol Hill, Albert watched Mr. Sam and studied his colleagues to

learn how they voted and why. Says Albert now: "You learn the procedure, you learn the rules by the empirical method. It's a good way. I also learned the issues. And I stayed with my party as much as I could. I have been, I think, a real regular Democrat." In 1955, when Tennessee Democrat James Percy Priest decided he didn't want to be party whip again, Rayburn and then Majority Leader John McCormack pored over a list of House Democrats for a replacement. When they hit Albert's name, both said: "That's it."

Albert approached the job with dogged persistence. His responsibility as whip was to keep track of every Democratic vote on every major issue. Recalled Albert: "When I was whip, I'd get the reports in from the assistant whips. I'd call every doubtful member. I then could go down the list and know where the trouble was—which we could count on, which were absolute losses. Then I'd go to work on the rest of them."

Albert's technique was low pressure and easygoing. "You get criticized for not cracking the whip," he says, "but it doesn't make sense, for example, to make enemies that will lose you the farm bill to get the poverty bill, when you can get both." When Rayburn died in 1961 and John McCormack became Speaker, Carl Albert easily won the majority leader's job.

"I'm sot in the ways of the House," he says. And he is so "sot" that he works as hard at it as if he were still the whip, making it his business to "learn every member." Though Albert seems unassuming and mild-tempered, he is capable of using cold power plays. Last year, when Johnson was pressing heavily to get his anti-poverty bill through the House, Albert found many members reluctant to vote for it. He found out which public works projects were pending in districts of some recalcitrant partymen, informed the two committee chairmen dealing with public works, and added pointedly: "I would appreciate it if you will go to these members and tell them we need the votes." The bill passed handily.

Albert has long been a favorite at the White House. John Kennedy was highly impressed with Albert's ability, and in the last session Johnson often phoned Albert two or three times a day. Last summer it was Carl Albert whom Lyndon picked for the thorny job of heading the 1964 Democratic Platform Committee. Albert is virtually certain to succeed McCormack as Speaker.

No Cliffhanging. Albert knows his Aristotle from his university days and has a great sense of the tradition of democratic legislatures, beginning with the Athenian lawmakers who met amid prayer, sacrifice and invective on the Pnyx, a hill near the Acropolis. He is too good a student of Capitol Hill, as well, to trust any kind of legislative majority by itself. He knows that Jef-

erson had more than 3-to-1 majorities in his Ninth Congress (1805-07), yet was not able to get the money in time for one of his pet projects—buying Florida. In the 41st Congress, Ulysses S. Grant had a 56-to-11 majority in the Senate, yet could not get his own party to support his desire to annex Santo Domingo. And Franklin Roosevelt's overwhelmingly Democratic 75th Congress (1937-38) turned on the President and killed many of his New Deal bills because F.D.R. had autocratically tried to pack the Supreme Court with liberals.

Albert is convinced that Lyndon Johnson will not make any such mistakes. Says he of Lyndon's ability as a congressional strategist: "He's one of the best who ever came down the pike. He moves when you don't know that



THE ALBERTS AT THEIR WEDDING (1942)
Empirical exposure.

he's moving, and his greatest talent is his tenacity and his endurance. Most Administration measures will not be handled in a rubber-stamp fashion. They'll be altered in the committees and altered on the floor. But they can be passed without the cliffhanging operations we've had in the last few Congresses."

Beyond his loyalty to Lyndon and to the Democratic Party, Carl Albert has an even deeper pride in Congress as an institution. A liberal, he nevertheless scorns doctrinaire liberals—and political scientists—who seem to favor the executive and judiciary branches, rather than the legislative, as the main instruments of progress. "A legislature in a country like ours, more than either the executive or the judiciary, has the power to effectuate new policy in a democracy. Its consensus is more of a national consensus than any other. And this very fact causes the legislature to be the real corner star of a democracy."

The New Minority Leader

"I've been through adversity before," growled Charles Halleck, "but I've never had to run in a beauty contest." It was not in any beauty contest that he was defeated as House minority leader, despite the obvious differences between Indiana's jowly Halleck, 64, and Michigan's rugged Gerald Rudolph Ford, 51, a onetime college all-star football player. It was a fight between Halleck's long-entrenched, static Republican style and a new, activist, articulate trend in the G.O.P. symbolized by Jerry Ford.

Ford's strategy as leader of the House Republicans this session will be based on the conviction that his party must devise "attractive, workable alternatives to Administration proposals." In South Viet Nam, for example, he favors destruction of Red supply lines from North to South. "If we have to go above the border, then we have to do it. We must stop the erosion of our position."

In other fields, Ford foresees strong Republican opposition if the Administration "tries to emasculate the Taft-Hartley Act," and promises to take a sharp look at the anti-poverty program, which Ford says is "loosely drawn." While he concedes that the President's State of the Union address well "expressed the dreams of Americans," Ford cautions that "as legislators, our responsibility is to see how the Administration intends to do it and what it's going to cost. I'll wait before passing judgment."

Early Mentor. Waiting does not come easily to Ford, although it took him 18 years to fulfill a childhood ambition to be a Congressman. Born in Omaha and christened Junior King, he was barely two when his parents were divorced. His mother took him to her home in Grand Rapids, Mich., where she married a paint manufacturer named Gerald Rudolph Ford, who adopted Jerry and gave him his name. In high school he earned pocket money by working in restaurants and in his father's factory.

A strapping kid—6 ft., 197 lbs.—he went out for football, later won his letter as a well-disciplined lineman in two successive undefeated University of Michigan seasons. He turned down pro offers, headed for a law degree at Yale, where he earned his way as assistant varsity football coach and coach of the freshman boxing team. Among his gridiron players: Ohio's former Republican Congressman Robert Taft Jr. and Wisconsin's Democratic Senator William Proxmire ("Bob was a better tackle than Bill was an end").

After putting in 47 months in World War II with the Navy, 24 of them in the Pacific, he went home with the rank of lieutenant commander and barged into politics. With the help of Senator Arthur Vandenberg, who was one of Jerry's early mentors, Ford knocked off Isolationist Congressman Barney Jonkman in the 1948 Republican primary, easily defeated his Democratic oppo-

nent in the November election. With his bride of three months, pretty ex-Model Elizabeth Bloomer, he headed for Washington.

The High Road. In the years since, Ford has got himself re-elected eight times, allied himself with House Republicans who were becoming increasingly dissatisfied with the old-style party leadership. It was as a "constructive conservative" and strong Eisenhower supporter that in 1959 Ford helped engineer the removal of Massachusetts' venerable but ineffectual Joe Martin Jr., who had been G.O.P. leader for 20 years. The man who replaced Martin, ironically enough, was Charlie Halleck.

Critics complain that Ford is ruled solely by ambition, but they acknowledge that he has worked exceedingly hard, notably in the House subcommittee on defense appropriations, and served well as a member of the Warren Commission. Many liberals fault Ford for his straight-out support of Barry Goldwater. Ford, who would have preferred to see Richard Nixon get the G.O.P. presidential nomination, says: "I agreed with Barry 85% or 90% of the time. The other choice was Lyndon, and I disagreed with him 50% of the time. So I worked my fanny off for Goldwater."

Ford himself regards his role as an "affirmative" one, and has identified himself with the "high middle road of moderation." As the No. 1 House Republican, he sees a new era of participation in party affairs by all wings. "No single Republican, not Barry Goldwater or Dean Burch, should assume all the blame for the November disaster," he says. "But the moderate-to-liberal wing has earned a larger voice in making policy. The Republican Party must be active, articulate, dedicated. The American people aren't going to reinstate a two-party system by giving the Republican Party something. We've got to earn it."



MICHIGAN'S GERALD FORD
Affirmative alternatives.

Capitol Clinker

If architecture is frozen music, as Goethe said, then the latest addition to the Capitol Hill skyline is a resounding clinker. The Rayburn House Office Building, otherwise known as the new New House Office Building to distinguish it from the old New House Office Building, and the old Old House Office Building, was formally opened for business. Lady Bird Johnson last week dedicated a somewhat idealized, larger- and leaner-than-life bronze statue of the late Mr. Sam in the main-stair hall. Said Representative Wright Patman, recalling his fellow Texan: "This edifice is made, like Rayburn's toughly achieved reputation, to last for the next thousand years."

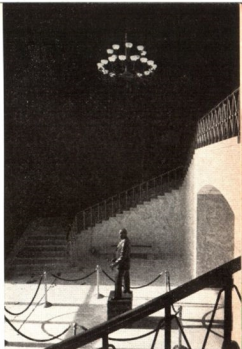
To most Washingtonians, that was an unsettling prospect. The Washington Post labeled the building's style Aggressive Eclectic, "because it has a surfeit of everything." A more apt description might be Mussolini Modern. It squats, like a huge, somber, white-marbled mausoleum, on an 8.3-acre plot, 700 ft. distant from the House wing of the Capitol. Four stories high, it is H-shaped, flat-roofed, contains three-room office suites for 169 Congressmen and their staffs (the other 266 Congressmen are housed in the old New House and the old Old Buildings), as well as nine standing-committee rooms, plus 19 committee anterooms, 18 small conference rooms, 51 committee staff rooms, 16 subcommittee rooms, a swimming pool, a gymnasium whose walls as well as floor are made of hardwood, tennis courts, a TV studio, and an underground garage with space for 1,600 cars.

The cost is a matter of some dispute. When Speaker Rayburn proposed the building in 1955, he requested an appropriation of \$2,000,000, plus "such additional sums as may be necessary." By the time the architects, builders and congressional members of the building commission were through with it—three years behind schedule—the "additional sums" came to more than \$86 million. In addition, a subway running between the building and the Capitol, as well as renovations and additions in the vicinity, will hike the total cost to something like \$122 million. But according to Patman's calculations, it was "a bargain of the first magnitude"—\$36.56 per sq. ft. as against \$90.94 for the 1935 Supreme Court Building.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Viet Nam Debate

There seemed to be so much else to talk about: the State of the Union speech, the early battles in the new Congress. Yet as Senators and Representatives met in the members' dining rooms or broke out the bourbon in their office suites, one subject held constant attention: Viet Nam. There was a growing feeling that a debate on U.S.



RAYBURN BUILDING'S MR. SAM.
Mussolini Modern.

policy was overdue, that mere continuation of the present line could only lead to disaster.

Contrary to public-opinion polls, which have suggested apathy and ignorance about Viet Nam, Congressman after Congressman returned to Washington after the Christmas holidays convinced that the voters are profoundly concerned. When Secretary of State Dean Rusk last week briefed the House Foreign Affairs Committee, one member interrupted him: "You'd damn well better find a solution to this in the next two years, because that is about all the time the American public is going to give you."

Such a Mess. But events in Viet Nam may not give the U.S. that much time. Said Illinois Democrat Barratt O'Hara of Rusk's remarks: "I have never known him to speak with more gravity." Said Ohio Democrat Wayne Hays: "You hardly know where to start, it's such a mess. We don't want to go in full force, like the French. They failed. But a pull-out would be even worse. We need two things right now—some patience and a little bit of good news from out there."

Giving a similar briefing to William Fulbright's Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Rusk hardly had better news. In effect, he told the committee what he had been saying for weeks: that the political situation in South Viet Nam is in a mess, that because of it the military effort against the Communists has deteriorated, and that once the Saigon political climate is stabilized, the battle against the Communists should go better. In addition, Rusk noted that there are no present U.S. plans for escalating the war into North Viet Nam, nor is there any thought of the U.S.'s



ROMNEY & FAN AT INAUGURAL BALL
Feathering the cap.

withdrawing from the fight. "An un-inspired forenoon," grumped Vermont Republican George Aiken about the session.

Opposite Views. Oregon Democrat Wayne Morse meanwhile continued pushing his own recommendation—"a fair, negotiated settlement." Questioned on his ideas for achieving this miracle, Morse allowed as how "that would be for the United Nations to determine." All he knew, he said, was that "this argument will continue, and I intend to continue it."

While Morse was not alone in calling for an end to U.S. involvement in South Viet Nam's affairs, he certainly was in a minority. Among those taking the opposite view were former U.S. Ambassador to Saigon Henry Cabot Lodge and Senate Republican Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois. Lodge called such a course "the most dangerous and imprudent" the U.S. could take and equated it with "getting out of West Berlin." Dirksen foresaw that "the rank of the United States in the Orient would plummet" if the U.S. pulled out.

In an Associated Press poll of 83 Senators, only two—Louisiana Democrat Allen Ellender and South Carolina Democrat Olin Johnston—joined Morse in speaking up for an end to U.S. intervention. Another three—South Carolina's newly Republican Strom Thurmond, Texas' Republican John Tower and Utah's Republican Wallace Bennett—urged expansion of the war into North Viet Nam. By far the greatest number expressed views similar to that of Oklahoma Democrat Mike Monroney, who has recently returned from a trip to Viet Nam. Said he: "We should do what we are doing, but do it even better." The situation, said South Dakota's Republican Karl Mundt weakly, "is worse today than it was three or four months ago. It's a holding and hoping operation."

GOVERNORS

Confrontation in the Statehouse

Some were newcomers in U.S. statehouses. Others were returning to their old desks after re-election. And some were at critical midpoint in their administrations. In many ways, the problems faced by U.S. Governors were as varied as their states, but at least three common dilemmas cropped up with telling frequency: 1) hostile legislatures dominated by the opposition party; 2) the politically uncomfortable necessity of increasing taxes to balance burgeoning state budgets and 3) Supreme Court demands that state legislatures be reapportioned under the one-man-one-vote principle. Items:

Michigan Republican George Romney returned to the capitol in Lansing with an enviable first term record that includes turning the state's chronic deficit into a \$57.1 million surplus. A second term promises tougher sledding for Romney, facing as he does the first Democratic Michigan legislature in 30 years. In his inaugural address, Romney moved to head off trouble with a bit of sermonizing on political togetherness. Michigan, said Romney, must have "a bipartisan consensus." If he really succeeds with the Democratic legislature, it would mean another spectacular feather in Romney's much-decorated political cap.

New York Republican Nelson Rockefeller confronted overwhelming Democratic majorities in both houses of the legislature, which should have spelled trouble for him. It only meant more trouble for the Democrats, who just could not seem to get the knack of running things after 30 years in the minority. With the new session nearly a week old, they had not even been able to elect their own leadership, the result of a simmering fight for control of state Democratic machinery between New York's Mayor Robert Wagner and Freshman U.S. Senator Bobby Kennedy. For his part, Rockefeller just sat back and smiled, delivered a message to the legislature that called for increased spending, including a \$1.7 billion war on water pollution.

Pennsylvania Republican William Scranton, midway in his four-year term, is in trouble with the newly Democratic house of representatives. Eying a \$60 million state surplus, the Democrats are seeking a tax cut. Scranton is firmly opposed, insists that the money must be used to finance new aids to education and similar projects. The Governor's demands that the lawmakers act promptly on reapportionment or see the G.O.P.-dominated State Supreme Court act for them brought cries of political blackmail from the floor of the legislature. Scranton, who is ineligible to succeed himself, was in a fighting mood. Said he: "The history of our state, as we all know, is replete with instances in which the second half of an administration becomes a poaching

ground for unscrupulous politicians. This is not going to happen this time. This administration will become a lameduck administration at high noon Jan. 17, 1967, and not ten seconds earlier."

Alabama Democrat George Wallace is still smarting from the defeat of his independent slate of presidential electors and the mass defections of Alabama Democrats to Goldwater. To rebuild prestige, Wallace is calling for a massive, liberal spending program that would include free textbooks for all public schools, increased teachers' salaries, and a \$100 million bond issue for school construction. All that will please most Alabamians, but it will leave Wallace's successor in 1967 with an estimated state deficit of \$500 million, compared with \$258 million when Wallace himself took office in 1963.

Massachusetts Republican John A. Volpe, a former Governor who lost his first bid for re-election in 1962, faces money woes of immense proportions, even for the chronically broke Bay State. Says one fiscal expert: "It's not a question any more of the barrel being empty. There's no barrel anymore." Massachusetts needs \$230 million in new money merely to keep operating state services at existing levels. Volpe wants a limited sales tax. But the legislature, with both houses controlled by Democrats, is not about to give Volpe that or much of anything else that will help its G.O.P. antagonist out of the Massachusetts mess.

California Democrat Pat Brown got a chilly reception as he addressed a joint session of the California legislature. Only when he called for higher salaries for legislators and annual, rather than biennial, legislative sessions, was there even modest applause. The reasons were obvious. Brown is pressing the legislature for new taxes to pay for increased state school aid, hardly likely to be popular with constituents back home. Moreover, a drastic, court-ordered reapportionment of the state



UTAH'S RAMPTON & WIFE
Risking some friendships.

senate threatens to cost many an incumbent senator his job.

Utah Democrat Calvin L. Rampton is about as popular a new Governor as a state ever had, trusted and respected by business, admired by labor. But Rampton is determined to push through a massive bonding program for new state construction, boost both state income and corporate-franchise tax rates, and repeal the state right-to-work law over the opposition of the powerful Mormon Church. Should he succeed in his program to "get Utah moving," Cal Rampton certainly stands to lose some friends.

Rhode Island Republican John Chafee warned the legislature that state spending may run as much as \$10 million above revenues in 1965, called for "a year of restraint." Republican Chafee, who won a fairly spectacular ticket-splitting victory amidst the Democratic sweep and is being watched as a Republican comer, faces a new test; in the past, he managed to cope with a narrowly Democratic legislature through his veto power, but now both houses have Democratic majorities large enough to override.

Texas Democrat John Connally had his own second-term inauguration moved from Jan. 19 to Jan. 26 so that he would not miss the inauguration of his friend Lyndon Johnson. But when Connally returns from Washington, he faces demanding tasks in pushing through his \$68 million college-aid recommendation and in smoothing the way for a hard-to-swallow reapportionment plan that would force dozens of angry rural representatives and senators to give up their seats to the cities.

CRIME

Open Locker 0911

Long past midnight, the phone rang in a motel room near Miami. The caller spoke swiftly. Minutes later, a New York City detective named Richard Maline stood before Locker 0911 at the Trailways bus station in downtown Miami and opened it. Inside, he found two small, waterlogged leather bags containing several tissues. Wrapped in the tissues were a couple of handfuls of gems, including the golfball-sized, 563.35-carat Star of India sapphire. Thus were recovered nine of the 24 sapphires, diamonds, rubies and emeralds that had been taken from New York City's American Museum of Natural History (TIME, Nov. 6) in one of the most imaginative jewel robberies ever perpetrated off-scene.

If this pre-dawn denouement seemed melodramatic, it was nothing compared with the events that preceded it.

Wise in the Ways. Within 48 hours after the robbery, New York police had got a tip and picked up three suspects: Roger Clark, 29, Allan Kuhn, 26, and Jack ("Murph the Surf") Murphy, 27, all habitués of Miami Beach spas. They were lean, tanned fun lovers who apparently made their living as

beach boys and instructors in swimming, surfing and undersea diving. All were members of a loose fraternity of similarly inclined young men who earn untidy amounts of money entertaining lonely middle-aged ladies.

The police could not hold the trio after the museum robbery without evidence, and so let them go back to Miami on bail. Nevertheless, Murph the Surf and his two friends were tailed constantly. Police suspected that the boys, wise in the ways of Gulf Stream currents and coral reefs, might be slashing their loot beneath the sea.

Sweat It Out. Their new-found notoriety brought them some further attention. A Manhattan hotel clerk identified Murph the Surf as one of the men who held him up and pistol-whipped him last summer; Actress Eva Gabor accused Murph of having beaten and robbed her; and Murph's 22-year-old mistress, Bonnie Lou Sutera, committed



KUHN & POLICE ESCORT
Skindiving for nothing.

suicide, leaving a cryptic note that said, "I guess this is what you want."

To keep the boys safe while sorting out their complex affairs, the cops hauled them back to New York, increased their bail (\$190,000), and when they could not pay, tossed them in jail to sweat things out. Sure enough, they sweated. At length, Kuhn sent word to Assistant District Attorney Maurice Nadjari: perhaps it might be possible to locate some of the gems. Said Kuhn, according to one report, "I'll get back 15 jewels for you. The rest of the white stuff has already been sold to pay lawyers and bondsmen. Nine are gone forever. Of that I'm sure."

Blabbing Hackie. With the understanding that the accused men would get reduced sentences for their cooperation, Kuhn was permitted to return to Miami with Nadjari and four detectives. It was to be a secret mission—but it turned into a public and fantastic chase.

Newsman got wind of the deal, and

wherever Kuhn & Co. went in their efforts to locate informants and fences who knew the whereabouts of the jewels, the reporters followed. From motel to motel the gem seekers fled. From motel to motel followed the reporters, some of them keeping contact by walkie-talkies. Twice, Kuhn and his police escorts leaped 20 ft. from the window of a motel room to evade their pursuers. Another time, Nadjari and Kuhn tried to get away from the press in a cab, paid the driver an extra \$20 to keep his mouth shut; the hackie promptly appeared on a local TV show, blabbing his story.

All the while, Kuhn was trying, through a series of 50 telephone calls, to persuade or cajole some mysterious, disembodied voices to come up with the jewels. Whether those voices belonged to accomplices, fences, intermediaries—or maybe even talking porpoises—only Kuhn knew. Still, nothing seemed to jell. Nadjari once got a tip that sent him racing to a boat yard, where he struggled into swim trunks, mask and fins for a session of skindiving. He found nothing but sea cockles, mussels and seaweed.

By this time, Nadjari was beginning to get a little disgusted with Kuhn's failure to turn up the gems. Kuhn, moreover, seemed to be enjoying himself a little too much. When the cops had to hire a car, for example, Kuhn insisted on riding in nothing less than a red convertible, and that's what he got.

Gulped Note. Toward the end, Nadjari ceased to rely on Kuhn, had him locked for hours at a time in motel bathrooms or kept him in a room where Kuhn entertained himself watching the Mickey Mouse Club and Romper Room on television.

At last, Kuhn's contacts began telephoning. "Everything's O.K. Things are moving," said one. "Isn't this fun, fellows?" Finally came the key phone call. An intermediary—a sometime jeweler apparently helping the police—picked up Detective Maline and drove him to a luncheonette. They parked and got out of the car. When they returned, they found a key in the car, with a note directing Maline to the Trailways bus station and locker 0911. Then, in the finest traditions of cloak-and-dagger-manship, the driver reportedly stuffed the note into his mouth and swallowed it.

Though it was clear by week's end that most of the still-missing gems might never be recovered, the district attorney's office was still hopelessly hunting. As for the accused three, New York D.A. Frank Hogan planned to recommend light sentences if they pleaded guilty. It is conceivable that they will serve less than one year apiece. After that, Kuhn, Clark and Murph the Surf will be able to return to their Miami haunts and regale their friends with stories of their escapades. Perhaps they will even resume the joys of skindiving among all those coral reefs. Who knows? There might be something down there besides cockles, mussels and seaweed.

THE WORLD

JAPAN

The Pilgrim on Flight 800

Traditionally, a new Japanese Prime Minister does nothing until he has made his pilgrimage to the Ise Grand Shrines, humbly to request the support of Shinto gods. These days he also goes to Washington. Off last week on Japan Air Lines' Flight No. 800 flew Premier



PREMIER SATO
Angling for omiyage.

Eisaku Sato, 63, for his first trip to the U.S. since he took over from ailing Hayato Ikeda two months ago.

Son of a Honshu sake bottler, Sato earned a degree from Tokyo University law school, started work as a government railways stationmaster, quickly rose to the post of Deputy Minister of Railways. As such, he caught the eye of postwar Premier Shigeru Yoshida, who made Sato his chief Cabinet secretary. Further boosted by another Premier, Nobusuke Kishi, who was his elder brother,* Sato went on to become a live wire in five Cabinets, played a leading role in Japan's economic miracle (his first name means literally "Prosperity Maker"). So smooth are Sato's looks that he has been called "a perfect kabuki actor"; so devious are his political maneuvers that his nickname is Haraguro, literally "Black Belly," which is Japanese for schemer.

Louder Voice. Sato is under political pressure at home to give Japan a louder and more independent voice abroad, and thus, even more than his predecessors, he will be angling to bring back from Washington an *omiyage*—the gift that, according to Japanese custom, a host presents an honored guest. During two scheduled huddles with President Johnson, the Japanese leader will probably renew his country's request for more administrative say-so on Okinawa,

* But who, like many Japanese men, adopted his wife's last name.

the onetime Japanese possession that the U.S. military still occupies. Sato may also protest U.S. restrictions on Japanese textiles and renew Japan's long-pending—and so far unsuccessful—request for air rights over the U.S. to complete Japan Air Lines' round-the-world route.

Mainly, however, Sato will be anxious to probe the whole range of U.S. policy in Asia, especially policy toward Communist China. He will explain Japan's viewpoint on trade with Peking: that commerce should be separated from politics. Fact is, Washington is not overly concerned about Japanese commerce with the Reds; after all, it amounts to less than 2% of Japanese foreign trade, and Peking's permanent shortage of foreign exchange is a built-in brake.

Double Frown. But Sato will be disappointed if, as seems possible, he is hoping to swing the U.S. toward the increasingly popular view in Japan that Red China should be brought into the U.N.—and perhaps even receive diplomatic recognition. Washington remains opposed to both—and for its part will probably reiterate the U.S. desire to see Japan take a stronger anti-Communist leadership role, as Asia's only fully industrialized nation. And that role would not include giving a helping hand to the men in Peking.

RED CHINA

Reminder for Buddhists

When the Chinese Communists seized Tibet in 1959 and drove its Buddhist god-King, the Dalai Lama, into exile, Peking found what it thought was a ready puppet in the kingdom's No. 2 Buddhist, the Panchen Lama. The Panchen seemed a perfect choice, since he was born and raised in China and had long coveted his master's post. Mao Tse-tung beamed benevolently as the young successor was given his official title, Acting Chairman of the Preparatory Committee for the Tibetan Autonomous Region. The Reds even made him a Deputy in Peking's parliament.

But the Panchen's popularity was doomed to fade. Last month the Communists' military commander in Tibet began lashing out at unnamed "schemers" who were "plotting the restoration of integration of politics and religion." Sure enough, he was talking about the Panchen Lama, on whom so many Communist hopes had been pinned. Last week the Panchen was not only out of his job in the Red Chinese parliament, but had been stripped of his Tibetan chairmanship as well and forced to confess "anti-people, anti-state and anti-socialist activities." To Asian Buddhists, many of whom nurture the illusion that they can cope with the Communists, the Panchen's fate was fair warning that toleration of local religions lasts only so long as it serves Marxist ends.

INDONESIA

Cassava, Anyone?

Every Great Man has one Great Moment in life. For Indonesia's President Sukarno, it may well have come at 10:30 one sticky night last week in Djakarta's sports stadium. There, before thousands of cheering admirers, Bung drew himself up to his full height (5 ft.



PRESIDENT SUKARNO
What is UNICEF?

4 in.), pointed a finger toward the sky, and announced his country's withdrawal from the United Nations.

It was one way to fame. In the U.N.'s 19 years of existence, no other nation had pulled out. There were those who thought it good riddance. But others pleaded earnestly with the stubborn leader to think twice. Japan's Premier Eisaku Sato, for instance, is said to have sent Sukarno a personal letter recalling the tragic path Japan followed, which led to Pearl Harbor, after it had been the first to abandon the League of Nations in 1933.

Swollen Ankles. But there was no backing out now. What was more, Sukarno said, Indonesia wanted no more aid from U.N. agencies—a remark that must have stirred the bellies of his underdressed audience. "What is UNICEF?" cried Sukarno. "It is powdered milk. I prefer to eat cassava [a flour-yielding root]. FAO sends experts who know nothing about Indonesia's agriculture. I say to them, 'To hell with your aid!'"

Ostensible excuse for Indonesia's withdrawal was the seating of its fancied archenemy, British-backed Malaysia, as a non-permanent member of the U.N. Security Council. But it had been known for months that Malaysia was assured the seat, and when the actual vote came in December, Indonesia's delegates made no protest. Could it be that Sukarno's sycophantic ministers might have kept him in the dark about the whole thing until now? True, the

63-year-old Sukarno has had his health problems. One kidney is said to be out of commission, and the other has a stone; of late Sukarno has sometimes appeared in public barefoot, with swollen ankles. Did health account for his erratic behavior?

The Forces. Probably not. A better guess seemed to be that Sukarno was bent on forming a new organization to rally what he calls the "NEFOS" (New Emerging Forces) against the "OLDEFOS" (Old Established Forces) and thus put an end to "NECOLIM" (Neo-Colonialist Imperialism). There were those who feared that Sukarno was now in full collusion with Red China in a master plot to establish a Peking-Djakarta axis.

It was obvious that Sukarno was caught between his country's 2,500,000-member, Peking-controlled Communist Party (P.K.I.), third largest in the world, and the nationalist forces led by the army. It was also true that Sukarno has leaned toward the Communists of late. Last month he surprisingly dissolved the "Body for the Promotion of Sukarnism," an organization created to counter the P.K.I. Last week Sukarno also made the decision to ban the Murba (Proletariat) Party, an anti-P.K.I. splinter group that expounds "national Communism."

Strategic Strait. Whether or not anyone buys the theory of collusion with China, eyebrows in the West rose at news of the surprise visit to Djakarta in November by Red Chinese Foreign Minister Chen Yi. Last week, while Russia was among those trying to head off Indonesia's U.N. walkout, Peking applauded it, ridiculing the world organization as "a vile place for a few powers to share the spoils." In any case, the objectives of Sukarno and Mao Tse-tung on Malaysia clearly converge: both want the downfall of its pro-West regime—a prospect that holds grave

political and strategic implications for the West.

A hostile Malaysia aligned with a powerful Indonesia would halt the flow of East-West shipping through one of the world's busiest waterways—the vital Strait of Malacca (see map). And since Indonesia lies athwart other passages north of the 10th Parallel, a sea voyage from Hong Kong to Rangoon would require a detour of some 7,000 miles. Should Viet Nam also fall, west-bound jetliners that now fly to India via Thailand would have to be rerouted via Australia—double the distance.

But these problems were small beside the enormous political implications. The ultimate collapse of Malaysia and Indo-China could be a coup de grace to the West's remaining position in all of Asia. The next target might well be the Philippines. Japan would be put under serious new pressure. And the psychological shock waves in Africa and the Latin American countries would be very grave indeed.

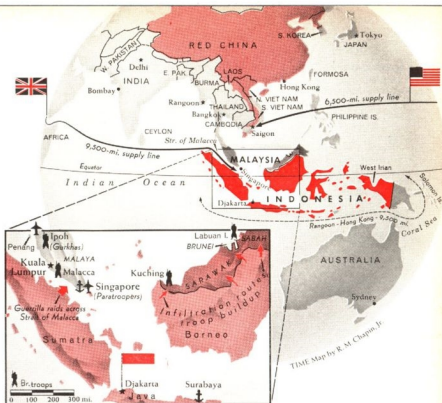
Up the Ante. Aware of the long-range stakes, the British last week poured still more reinforcements into Malaysia. Airlifted from London to Singapore were the first of 1,000 paratroopers and Scots Guardsmen. Husky, ruddy-cheeked young tomies in heavy suits and bulky sweaters, they looked like members of an oversize Rugby team. Not many miles away, other British troops stripped protective covering off small, grey wood-hull ships—moth-balled minesweepers and patrol boats that have been kept ready for use ever since World War II.

From East Africa steamed Britain's biggest aircraft carrier, the 44,000-ton,

missile-armed *H.M.S. Eagle*, bringing to 70-odd the number of British vessels on patrol in Malaysian waters. Singapore bristles with British warplanes. In London, Prime Minister Harold Wilson, re-emphasizing the "resolve and determination with which we stand by our partner Malaysia," revealed that British military personnel in Malaysia total 50,000—the greatest concentration of British forces in the Far East since the Korean War.

In recent months Sukarno has enlarged his nasty little campaign against Malaysia. Formerly content with guerrilla raids across the border on Borneo, where last week Indonesia was reported massing more troops, he has sent waves of sampans loaded with armed infiltrators across the Malacca Strait into the Malay Peninsula. Most have been caught or killed. Last week another band of 14 piled ashore in swampy Johore State above Singapore; security forces quickly rounded up half a dozen.

Malaysian Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman advised the U.N. that in the event of "more intensive Indonesian attacks" Malaysia "would immediately seek United Nations assistance." At home, he called for preparations for "retaliatory action." British officers are restrained on the subject of "hot pursuit" of Indonesian marauders back into Indonesia. They would seriously strike Indonesia only if it actually bombed Malaysia or launched a massive invasion. What the British really expect is more of the same sort of hit-and-run harassment. But they have beefed up their guard, as one Whitehall official put it, in case "Sukarno goes off his nut."



MALAYSIA-BOUND TOMIES
These are OLDEFOS?

SOUTH VIET NAM

Papering It Over

In grotesque, funeral procession, the Vietnamese marine convoy pulled out of the rubber plantation—twelve truckloads of the living preceded by trucks and carts piled with dead. Thus, after seven days, ended the battle of Binhgia—longest and bloodiest of the South Vietnamese war. There were a few parting Red ambushes. In one a U.S. captain, leaping from a shattered Jeep, found himself staring down the muzzle of a rifle held by a helmeted, uniformed Communist soldier, shot the guerrilla between the eyes. Then the Viet Cong vanished as swiftly as they had attacked. The final score: 195 government troops dead, 182 wounded, 62 missing; five

The Reds massed an estimated 1,500 men at Binhgia—the third time in recent weeks that they had fielded a regiment-size unit (they did the same at Soc Trang 90 miles south of Saigon a fortnight ago and at the battle of An Lao Valley in central Viet Nam last month). U.S. advisers suspect that the Viet Cong, swelled by 600 North Vietnamese regulars now being infiltrated monthly, may be trying to chew up government reserve battalions while testing their own ability to fight sustained actions. The Reds are also striking ever closer to major cities. Last week two Viet Cong companies attacked a government outpost eight miles south of Saigon, killed a U.S. Army lieutenant. Another Communist force opened fire on a squad of troops in broad daylight only four miles

High National Council. Huong and Chief of State Phan Khac Suu agreed to convene a "national convention" as soon as possible to act as a legislature; in the meantime, the aging, feeble Suu would exercise "legislative powers." "The political crisis is considered ended," announced a communiqué, and the U.S. embassy cautiously welcomed the deal as "a promising step in the direction of . . . stable and effective government."

Turks Galore. Actually, more than anything else the agreement simply ratified the military's Dec. 20 "demi-coup." It did not restore or replace the High National Council, as the U.S. had demanded. Moreover the "solution," as usual, only papered over again South Viet Nam's myriad divisions. Even as it was being signed, word spread that a new coup of junior officers was becoming increasingly jealous of the Young Turks' swift promotions. Inevitably, they were dubbed "Baby Turks." Some of the brass, frustrated in their desire for power, were flirting with the Buddhists, who in turn kept up their own campaign to overthrow Huong. Once again the talk of coup was on every lip.



GOVERNMENT TROOPS KILLED IN BINHGIA BATTLE
Near the Peaceful House, a huge underground redoubt.

Americans killed, nine wounded, three captured;* an estimated 140 Viet Cong dead, two captured.

Hidden Honeycomb. The running fight around the Catholic refugee village 40 miles southeast of Saigon (ironically, Binhgia translates as "Peaceful House") was a testimonial to Viet Cong cunning. Government paratroopers discovered one of their adversaries' main camps. Circular in shape, it was crisscrossed with trenches camouflaged by fast-growing yam plants and running for hundreds of yards among concealed barracks roofed with thatch. Below the redoubt were huge, man-made caverns 60 feet underground, honeycombed with tunnels. At one point, eight tunnels converged into a large subterranean room that was complete with tables, chairs and Viet Cong flags.

* Last week the U.S. Defense Department revealed that American casualties in Viet Nam during 1964 were 190 killed, 1,038 wounded. The combined total for 1961, 1962 and 1963: 164 killed, 486 wounded. The total of American losses in Viet Nam to date: 356 killed, 1,546 wounded, ten captured, 19 missing.

from Hué, one of South Viet Nam's largest cities, but speedy government reinforcements killed 57 fleeing Reds.

"Committee of Honor." A little less noisy but equally heated was the continuing political war in Saigon. A "committee of honor," consisting of a representative acting for Premier Tran Van Huong, plus Deputy U.S. Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson acting for Ambassador Maxwell Taylor, plus two military officers representing Commander-in-Chief General Nguyen Khanh, met to negotiate. Khanh's lads complained that the military Young Turks, who overthrew the ineffectual High National Council, had been "seriously insulted" by Taylor after he had demanded that coup-minded officers cease interfering with the civilian government. The officers got no apology. But at week's end, under the whirling fans and gilded cornices of Gia Long Palace, Huong and Khanh signed what was advertised as a "solution."

The armed forces promised once again to yield power to civilians and to release five arrested members of the

PAKISTAN

A Sorry Beginning

In Karachi last week, a long motorcade streamed through the streets in celebration of Mohammed Ayub Khan's election as President of Pakistan. It was no small thing. Truckloads of Ayub supporters waved at the cheering crowds; auto-rickshaws carried still more. In the rear were hundreds of wiry, turbaned Pathans from Ayub's own frontier district, who brandished clubs and joyfully fired homemade pistols.

Tempests flared as the long column wound through the Liaquatabad quarter, largely inhabited by Moslem refugees from India who had strongly backed the opposition's spinster candidate, Fatima Jinnah, 71. Soon, the Pathans poured from the trucks to attack passers-by, loot shops and set fire to homes. By the time the rioting ended, 33 people were dead, 300 wounded and more than 2,000 homeless.

It was a sorry beginning for Pakistan's first try at democracy since 1958, when Ayub Khan seized power in a military *coup d'état*. Under his benign but dictatorial eye, a new form of indirect democracy was conceived. The nation's voters last November elected 80,000 "basic democrats" who last week cast their ballots for a President.

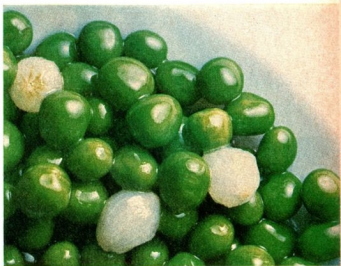
Ayub Khan won handily with 61% of the vote. Plucky Fatima Jinnah, sister of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the late father of Pakistan independence, took defeat badly. She snapped, "There is no doubt that these elections have been rigged." Of the massacre of her followers, she declared tartly, "Nowhere in the civilized world can such acts of barbarism be allowed to happen."

Handsome Ayub Khan had been badly rattled by opposition attacks during the

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campaign. When he heard he had won, he cried, "Thank God! The country has been saved." In a nationwide broadcast, he took a conciliatory line. After thanking all who had worked for his election, he added, "I must not forget those who differed with me. They too have served the cause of democracy." As for Fatima Jinnah, "She fought the election according to her lights. I have no personal grudge, and I wish her well."

With Ayub's imposing victory, the government-controlled press began soft-pedaling the strident anti-Americanism that it had found a useful tool in the campaign. One top official, Ghulam Nabi Jinnah, blandly denied having made his widely publicized charge that the U.S. was financing the Jinnah campaign. After all, Ayub had now been elected to a five-year term, and he badly needed continued U.S. aid—which has totaled nearly \$5 billion since 1951.

THE CONGO

Imports of Trouble

Down a road in the rebel-infested northern Congo rolled a truckload of mercenaries led by three armored Jeeps. Suddenly the underbrush exploded with the fire of automatic weapons. Not a bullet was wasted on the Jeeps, but the Simbas, suddenly battlewise and well armed, riddled the truck, killing one of its nine occupants and wounding six others. Almost overnight, the spear-bearing rebel warriors had become better armed, better trained, and much more dangerous. "Every Simba in the north seems to have a new gun now," said a mercenary sergeant from Paulis. "We're finding their old Mausers where they've abandoned them by the roadside."

Little wonder, for since they were driven out of Stanleyville two months ago, the rebels have become the delighted recipients of a mountain of military equipment, smuggled in at great expense by their friends in Peking, Moscow, and the radical African bloc. "Yes, we're aiding the Congolese insurgents," admitted Algeria's President Ahmed Ben Bella last week. "We are doing our duty toward the Congo and Africa."

East & West. The flood of arms has entered the Congo from almost all sides (see map), and in such quantity that some Western intelligence sources say the Simbas cannot possibly absorb any more. Some light equipment was unloaded from Russian and Chinese ships at the Brazzaville Congo port of Pointe Noire, shipped by rail to Gamboma, and smuggled across the Congo River, possibly to secret Simba units in Bolobo—only 180 miles upriver from Leopoldville. Other shipments arrived by sea at Tanzania's capital of Dar es Salaam, were sent in sealed boxcars to the lake port of Kigoma, then were shipped either directly across Lake Tanganyika to the rebel-held area of the Congo around Baraka or through the small kingdom of Burundi.

But the main supply line is by air—



aboard Russian-built AN-12 turboprop transports from Algeria and Cairo to Khartoum airport for transshipment to the southern Sudanese town of Juba aboard smaller aircraft. Most of the turboprops bear Algerian markings but are flown by Russian pilots. The large part of the equipment was supplied by Ben Bella and Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, but Russia apparently has promised to replace all weapons they send to the Simbas.

Western intelligence sources say that by last week 18 plane-loads—about 300 tons—of Russian- and Czech-made automatic rifles, machine guns, hand grenades and other military hardware have been fed to the Simbas through Juba. In Juba, the arms are hastily unloaded (often the pilots leave the engines running), transferred to the Simbas' waiting truck convoys, and sped across 150 miles of improved road to the main rebel receiving point at Aba, a small town near Faradje just over the Congo border. There, the rebels' 18th Battalion supervises the distribution of the arms to rebel units throughout the northern Congo.

Beards & Wine. Another important rebel link to outside aid is Arua (pop. 8,000), an otherwise sleepy town in western Uganda where the Lugbara tribeswomen still go bare-breasted and men hunt monkeys with bows and arrows. Somewhat reluctantly, the Uganda government has allowed Arua to become a haven for Simba warriors, who come in by truck and Jeep from the Congolese town of Aru just across the border, load up on food and liquor, then, after sleeping it off in a tin-roofed "refugee center," truck contentedly back. TIME Correspondent Peter Forbath, who drove to Arua last week, found several bearded Simbas in monkeyskin caps gulping palm wine in the town marketplace. Local merchants reported that the rebels have been forced to route several Juba arms shipments through Arua instead of straight across the Congo-Sudan border to Aba. Reason: stepped-up activity by the Sudan's own rebels—who are anti-Arab, pro-

Tshombe—has made the Juba-Aba road too dangerous for the Simba convoys.

The rebels get not only guns but instruction as well. The Chinese Communists have long operated a rebel training camp at Gamboma in the Brazzaville Congo, and recent intelligence reports indicate that the Algerian army has sent a top training officer to Brazzaville to open an 800-Simba commando school. Three other camps reportedly have been opened for the Simbas in the southern Sudan, a fourth somewhere in Egypt, and a fifth near Cherchell on Algeria's Mediterranean coast.

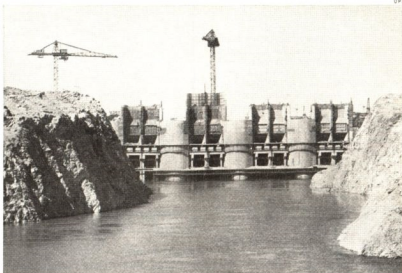
Hostility to Arabs. Even with the most expert training, however, it seems hardly possible that the Simbas can turn the tables by themselves. "What they need are men, particularly trained officers," says one Western expert. "If a thousand or so Algerians or Egyptians were thrown into the battle, we'd really start sweating." As of last week there was no firm evidence that foreign officers or troops were fighting with the Simbas. Even Tshombe's complaint to the U.N. Security Council that "rebel hordes, led by foreign officers, particularly Algerians and Egyptians, are operating all along the Congo's north-eastern frontier" was carefully worded to avoid specifying which side of the frontier he meant.

There is a fair chance that neither the Algerians nor the Egyptians will ever dare to send their own troops to the Congo. For one thing, much of black Africa harbors an ancient hostility toward the Arabs that dates back to the precolonial days of the slave traders. No one is more ready to exploit the Arab-Negro conflict than Moise Tshombe, who can always draw a cheer by calling the Arabs "black Africa's worst enemies."

Returning to Leopoldville from a quick inspection tour of rebel-razed Stanleyville last week, Tshombe issued an open challenge to the leading rebel supporters—including Nasser, Ben Bella and Nkrumah—to go to Stanleyville and see the results of their aid. "Come and



PODGORNY & INÖNÜ



ASWAN DAM SLUICE GATES

After years of Khrushchev largesse, Moscow is ruling its rubles.

hear the stories of massacres and torture," urged the Congolese Premier. "Come and take note of the elimination of educated people." By week's end the invitation had no takers.

NIGERIA

Just in Time

As abruptly as it began, Nigeria's political crisis faded away last week. In five days of talks at the presidential palace in Lagos, political leaders from the East and West argued bitterly over the election that returned Prime Minister Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa's Northern-based alliance to power—and led the East to threaten secession. But tempers cooled. The regional leaders recognized that the alternatives to compromise were chaos and the destruction of Africa's most populous country.

With scarcely any advance notice, President Nnamdi ("Zik") Azikiwe himself went on the radio to ally the nation's fears. "My fellow countrymen and women," he began, "I would like to acquaint you tonight of steps which have been taken to avert the crisis." Credit was due both to Zik, the Easterner and Christian, and to Sir Abubakar, the Moslem from the North, for a level of statesmanship seldom found in nations hardly accustomed to peaceful resolution of such weighty matters.

In the Northern Region, the election results would stand, but in the East and West, where a widespread boycott had made voting impossible in many districts, a new election date would soon be set. Meantime, Sir Abubakar would remain as Prime Minister of a "broadly based" federal government. His new Cabinet turned out to be almost exactly the same as the old one—heavily dominated by the North. But, for the time being, most Nigerians were too busy celebrating their escape as a nation to care.

MIDDLE EAST

The Red Bankroll

In the first postwar decade, Joseph Stalin's meddling in the Middle East was largely limited to Russia's immediate neighbors, Turkey and Iran—where he had scant success. But the ubiquitous Khrushchev boldly leapfrogged smack into the area, sending legions of comrade plenipotentiaries armed with aid, or ready to aid with arms. Today, from the great shell of the Aswan High Dam rising from the Egyptian Nile to T-54 tanks rumbling down the boulevards of Baghdad, with swarms of MIG jets on patrol over Syria or strafing Royalist rebels in Yemen, the Soviet presence in the Middle East is evident where it had never been known before.

Khrushchev's successors have picked up where Nikita left off. To Ankara last week came the first Russian parliamentary delegation in 31 years to visit Turkey, headed by the Presidium's prestigious Nikolai Podgorny. For months the Russians had paved the way for the visit with Premier Ismet Inönü. Once they were pals of the Greek Cypriots, but more recently they seemed to sympathize with the Turks, their historic enemies, in the Cyprus dispute, and Podgorny was all smiles and promises. "You ask, and we give you everything," he said, "investments, financing and Cyprus support." Scarcely a month before, another Presidium luminary, Aleksandr Shelepin, had breezed into Cairo to reassure Nasser that the new brass would honor Nikita's commitment for \$280 million in credit to fuel Egypt's new five-year plan. Moscow in recent weeks has been sidling up to Pakistan too, using as bait support against India over Kashmir.

Measuring Up. Moscow has pumped into—or promised—the Middle East nations some \$1.4 billion in economic aid since the ruble offensive began (v.

some \$3 billion in U.S. aid to the same nations since 1945). Another \$1 billion has gone into equipping the armies of Egypt, Syria, Iraq and Yemen. Predictably, it is in these four nations that the Soviets have directed the great bulk of their Middle Eastern economic aid as well. Among their notable aid successes—and failures—in the four:

- **EGYPT** has received the lion's share (\$835 million) of Moscow's Mideast aid largely because of the showcase Aswan Dam, estimated to cost ultimately \$1 billion, of which the Soviets are putting up nearly 30%. Aswan is the world's most striking aid project, and the Russians are breaking their backs to do the job right and on time, and are largely succeeding—even at the expense of Siberian dam projects, delayed because Russia's top engineering talent is in Egypt. The Russians are also expanding the Helwan steel complex and the Suez refinery for Nasser, and reclaiming 35,000 acres of Nile delta land; but one of Helwan's two coke boilers burned out after only two months' use, and the other is looking dangerously scorched.

- **SYRIA** had been promised \$193 million from the Communist bloc, \$150 million from Russia alone. But all but \$15 million of that was proffered prior to the nation's fling at union with Egypt from 1958 to 1961. The satellites built a number of small projects: cement plants, sugar refineries, a grain elevator and an airfield. But the Russians have been foot-dragging on their own big projects for two chemical factories and a railroad as Syria's manifest political instability (18 governments in 15 years) dawned on them, and completion of the Russian projects is still years away.

- **IRAQ** and Moscow have equally disappointed each other. Little of the \$184 million in Soviet credits (bloc countries have put up another \$34 million) has been used, despite grandiose plans for a 60,000-ton steel plant. A telephone ex-

change and a broadcasting station are successfully in operation, but of a dozen other plants promised, only a shoe factory and a food processing plant have been built, and the latter is having what is euphemistically described as "operating difficulties." The Soviets blame the Iraqis for procrastination and noncooperation. The Iraqis blame poor Soviet engineering standards, citing as an example the Baghdad-Basra railway—new last April, but so poorly ballasted that it has never been used.

• **YEMEN** was ruled by leftist, Nasser-leaning Crown Prince Mohammed al Badr when the Russians first moved in to build a \$15 million Red Sea port at Hodeida in the feudal land. When Al Badr turned conservative in 1962 under Republican attack, the Soviets reversed themselves to back the opposition headed by Abdullah Sallal, built him an airport and 150 low-cost houses, promised \$72 million more in various projects. None have even been begun, since Moscow is plainly worried that it may have switched to the wrong horse in midstream. All told, Moscow has offered \$142 million in aid, and other Red nations another \$60 million plus.

Not a Red Cent. Moscow's balance sheet shows more red than black in its efforts to make political capital out of credit in the Middle East. Not a single recipient of Russian help has gone Communist. Nasser, the biggest taker, periodically pays his political debts with a verbal swipe at the U.S., but in fact is largely playing his own game in the Middle East with Russian marbles. Cairo is caught in a serious financial squeeze that shut down stock exchanges last week, endangers Nasser's ability to pay his ruble debts or his other borrowings. In strife-torn Yemen and coup-prone Syria, Russian aid has been largely dissipated in a sea of domestic troubles, but Syria has obliged by going markedly Socialist (see following story). Iraq used Soviet weapons to dispose of Moscow's man Kassem. Pro-Western Lebanon, and Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, whose oil revenues make it easy to turn down aid, have all refused to accept the merest Red cent.

These harsh lessons have not been lost on the Soviets, who have learned the truth of the oldest Middle Eastern proverb: "You can't buy an Arab; only rent him." As a result, the Russians are becoming more selective in their aid, smarter in getting more for their money. In Iran they are collaborating in sensible, largely unpolitical, neighborly ventures: planning dams on their common border, stocking the Caspian Sea, which the two countries share, with sturgeon to keep the caviar flowing. In Turkey, too, they have proposed a joint border hydroelectric project. But for all their frustrations in the southern Arab nations, the Soviets have nonetheless succeeded in creating a Russian presence and influence where it never existed before—as well as in arming Arabs, which they may yet live to regret.

SYRIA

A Tuneup Takeover

When Radio Damascus plays martial music, interspersed with ringing slogans, Syrian businessmen begin to wince. It usually means a *coup d'état* or a government crackdown.

The martial music began one night at 11:30 and the first slogan was: "1965 shall witness fundamental developments in strengthening the foundations of the regime!" That seemed to rule out a coup. At 1:30 a.m. the radio came clean: the announcer read off four new decrees that will take Syria's wobbly Baath (Renaissance) socialist government far down the Marxist road and virtually wipe out private ownership of Syria's major industries.

Strongman Amin Hafez's first two decrees wholly or partly nationalized 115 firms worth some \$70 million—from textiles to beer. The remaining decrees promised 1) compensation to owners over a 15-year period at 3% interest (most unlikely in a country that has had 15 government reshuffles in 18 years), and 2) life imprisonment or death to anyone attempting to "obstruct" the operation.

The after-midnight announcement last week was intended to catch businessmen unawares. When they rushed to their offices next morning they were met by troops and tanks at the factory gates; at the government-owned banks, some found their safe-deposit boxes had been opened and all hard currency found there replaced by Syrian pounds. But Syrian businessmen are every bit as canny as their socialist rulers. They had long feared the worst, and since March 1963 an estimated \$1 billion has been smuggled out of the country to safety in Lebanon and Switzerland. With last week's repressive action, the businessmen may soon be in flight after their money, causing a "brain drain" that Syria's ardent but inept socialists can ill afford.



SYRIA'S HAFEZ

After midnight, bad news.

WEST GERMANY

Hurt, Bothered & Bewildered

All over West Germany on New Year's Eve, candles were lit and placed in windows to burn as symbols of the nation's hopes for reunification. Nonetheless, for Bonn the German New Year began in a mood of gloom. Cried the *Bild-Zeitung* in banner-headline indignation: SHOWDOWN WITH THE U.S.—NO NEGOTIATIONS WITH MOSCOW OVER REUNIFICATION IN 1965!

The Germans' great fear is that the world—particularly the U.S.—will forget about the tragedy of their sundered country. Politicians of every political stripe vie with one another in their clamor calls, and the message comes especially loud and clear in 1965, an election year.

Going It Alone? The current eruption of the chronic horror was touched off at last month's NATO meeting in Paris. Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder, eager to do his bit for *Wiedervereinigung*, tried to get the U.S., Britain and France to support an invitation to Russia for a four-power standing committee that would meet periodically to discuss the German problem. Neither Washington nor London was very interested, judging that Russia would turn down the invitation anyway, and France flatly refused. Schröder could only issue his own unilateral communiqué.

Even this was unpopular. Fortnight ago, at what was intended to be an off-the-record background meeting with foreign correspondents, Dean Rusk suggested that the Germans might really be the last to want fresh negotiations with the Russians, since this would inevitably involve discussion of West Germany's role in NATO and the future boundaries of a united Germany. Cruelly accurate, Rusk's words touched off a storm. In Bonn, the Free Democrats' Bundestag Vice President Thomas Dehler warned that Germany was being "sacrificed" to Atlantic policy. Christian Democrat Parliamentary Leader Rainer Barzel cried that Germany might "go it alone" if pushed too far by its allies. Erhard himself was reported upset and worried, and amid celebrations last week for former Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's 89th birthday, met with his Cabinet to discuss the "new situation."

Hand-Holding. The situation was of course not new at all. But some of the personalities were. Moscow's new team of Brezhnev and Kosygin would hardly be prepared at this early date to make major decisions on so basic an element of Soviet foreign policy as the German question. It was, after all, the fear of some new Khrushchev initiative toward Bonn that spurred his adversaries in the Kremlin to throw him out.

These were the hard facts of life. To make them more palatable, Lyndon Johnson added to his State of the Union message a specific reference to the continued goal of German reunification. It did not say anything specific, but Am-

bassador George McGhee hurried to reassure Erhard that the U.S. had indeed not forgotten the Germans. It was just like old times. Happily, the West German government's spokesman called in reporters to say smilingly that all the "false ideas" about U.S. policy are regarded as "clearly removed."

FRANCE

"Quel Est Votre Signe?"

In France, where rationality is carried to extremes, so is superstition. A common conversational opener is "*Quel est votre signe* [What sign were you born under?]"

Thousands of French astrologers last week were telling tens of thousands of their anxious clients to watch their step in 1965. This is the traditional time for the credulous to pay from \$10 to \$100 for private consultations, and the zodiacal word was ominous: This year's conjunction of the planets Uranus and Pluto forming in Virgo in opposition to Saturn in Pisces can play havoc with everything from De Gaulle's plan for a French-dominated Europe to Brigitte Bardot's love life. The last time Uranus and Pluto ganged up on Saturn was about 1200 B.C.—and everyone knows how bad things were then.⁹

Lover's Doubt. The land of Voltaire and Descartes, France has been equally hospitable to Nostradamus and Cagliostro. Ordinarily tightfisted Frenchmen pay more than a billion dollars annually—more than France spends on scientific research—to an odd-lot collection of soothsayers, seers, fortunetellers, clairvoyants, gypsies, faith healers and prophets. In Paris alone, there is one charlatan for every 120 Parisians, compared with one doctor for every 514 citizens and one priest for every 5,000.

Have you lost something? A dowser, with the help of a small pendulum and a map, will find it for you. Do you want happiness, success, power? Go see any of the *voyants* advertised in three astrological monthlies. Are you doubtful of your lover? Visit Professor E. L. Erus, who provides an "infallible life guide in the problems of the heart," and for 20 francs and a handwriting sample will reveal "knowledge of the loved one, his personality and his fidelity."

Curious as to what sort of following charlatans have, the newspaper *France-Soir* sponsored a public-opinion poll that suggested that 58% of all Frenchmen could say under what sign of the zodiac they had been born, 53% regularly read their daily horoscopes in the press, 43% thought of astrologers as scientists, 38% intended to have their horoscopes drawn up by an astrologer, and 37% believed that character traits correspond to zodiacal signs. More to France's credit was the fact that the most avid believers turned out to be



PARIS CLAIRVOYANT

For lonely hearts, 20-franc guidance.

farmers, people over 65 and workers earning less than \$120 a month.

Reigning Sorcery. Brittany and western Normandy still produce a dozen stories a year of sorcery and witchcraft. Sometimes it goes beyond fun and games. In the Norman hamlet of Saint-Frambault last month, a woman drowned herself because she believed she was a victim of the evil eye, and a young farmer reportedly hanged himself for a similar reason. Driven to holy anger, the local priest cried from the pulpit to his tiny congregation: "You believe more in the devil's power than in God's. Sorcery reigns here as master!"

Nice Girl Goes to Jail

A shocked France learned last June that the most secret secret of the Ministry of Education, the questions asked in the critical baccalaureate examination, had been leaked to test-takers.



CULPRIT MAUREL & LAWYER

For a big heart, ten months.

Public opinion naturally blamed the Marseille underworld, but the culprit was actually Danièle Maurel, 21, an about-to-be-fired secretary in the ministry who only wanted to help her brother and her boy friend's friend's brother. Once she gave away the answers to her friends, they spread all over the south of France, causing the biggest education scandal in many decades.

Last week Danièle Maurel was sentenced to ten months in prison, and assorted accomplices got lesser terms. Her father saw her misdemeanor as the result of too much heart. "My daughter has the mentality of a St. Bernard," he said.

GREAT BRITAIN

Changing of the Guard

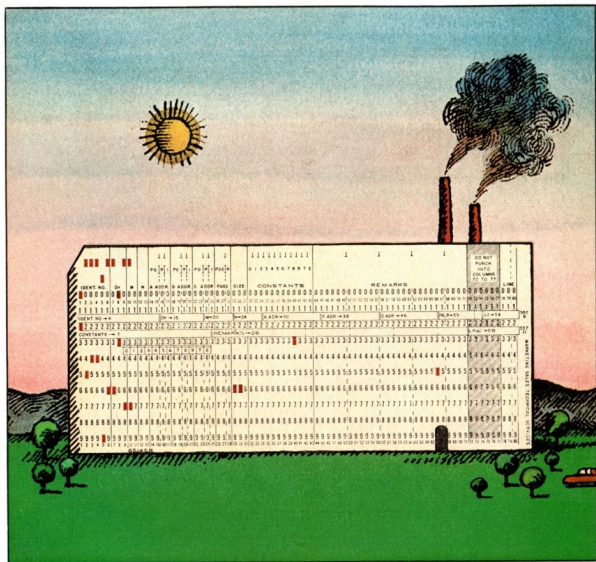
Nine months after John Kennedy became President, an old boyhood friend joined him in Washington, taking up residence in the massive British embassy on Massachusetts Avenue. As Her Majesty's Ambassador to the U.S., David Ormsby Gore, who became Lord Harlech on the death of his father last year, had nearly everything in his favor: a wealth of international experience, an easygoing charm, a beautiful wife, and a long intimacy with the Kennedy family dating back to Father Joe's own ambassadorial days in London. Able to pick up the phone and get instantly through to Kennedy, a relationship few ambassadors have ever enjoyed with any U.S. President, Lord Harlech kept Anglo-American cooperation on a smooth course.

No career diplomat, Lord Harlech clearly lost much of his pleasure and *raison d'être* in his post with Kennedy's death. And with the election of a Labor government, former Conservative M.P. Ormsby Gore's position became even less tenable. Last week the Foreign Office in London finally got around to announcing the inevitable changing of the Washington guard. Next spring 46-year-old Lord Harlech will be replaced by Britain's recent Permanent Representative to the United Nations, Sir Patrick Dean, 55. The son of a Cambridge pathologist and later a Cambridge don himself, gregarious Sir Patrick is one of Britain's foremost experts on international law. He joined the diplomatic service shortly after World War II, moved up through a variety of jobs to become chief of mission at the U.N. in 1960.

Meanwhile, Lord Harlech, off skiing in Colorado last week with his wife and three of his five children, was pondering his own future. If he wants to return to active Conservative Party politics—and friends think he may—he will have to disclaim his title. He has until next Feb. 14, the first anniversary of his father's death, to make up his mind under Britain's 1963 Peerage Act whether he wishes to remain Lord Harlech or go back to being just plain David Ormsby Gore.

⁹ Especially for the Babylonians, the inventors of astrology, who were conquered by the Assyrians at about that date.

AUTOMATION



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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Barking at Big Brother

Havana's Plaza de la Revolución was alive with masses of Cubans obediently chanting slogans and cheering their bearded leader. It was the sixth anniversary of Fidel Castro's rise to power—presumably a time for triumphant muscle flexing. But this year's military parade was whittled to 30 minutes, instead of an hour, and Castro's speech was almost subdued. "Parades," said he, "are very expensive, and it is natural that in concluding the Year of the Economy we save expenses."

Since 1959, Cuba's gross national product has dwindled by 15%, the sugar crop has slipped 45%, the country's foreign debt—owed mostly to the Soviet Union—has ballooned to \$2 billion. Worse still, Cuba's relations with Moscow are going from bumptious to bad.

Castro has never forgiven the Kremlin for pulling its nuclear rockets out of Cuba without so much as a by-your-leave. He chafes at the unfavorable trade terms demanded by the Russians, ignores the attempts by his Iron Curtain advisers to impose order on his chaotic, Latin-tempered regime. "We have no need to go around borrowing brains from anyone," said Castro. "Nor do we have any need of borrowing heads, bravery, revolutionary spirit, heroism or intelligence. We live in a changing world, and it is necessary that each country know how to interpret the Marxist-Leninist doctrine for itself."

The Cubans, of course, are not about to tear up their Soviet meat ticket. But the Russians may be tired of watching \$1,000,000 a day sink out of sight in the Caribbean, and they have yet to make a 1965 trade agreement with Cuba. While loudly proclaiming his independence, Castro made a point of telling his people that Cuba could carry on without Russian aid. "I absolutely do not have the slightest doubt that the country could survive such trials," he later announced a new five-year trade pact with Communist China, exchanging Cuban sugar for Chinese machines, rice, canned meats and textiles.

BOLIVIA

Plot or Play?

Plotting against the government has long been a national sport in Bolivia. And denouncing subversive plots—real or imagined—is the government's favorite way of knocking off political enemies. Last week Air Force General René Barrientos, 45, head of the military junta that ousted President Víctor Paz Estenssoro last November, was suddenly crying plot as if he had invented the game. Barrientos' troops rounded up 26 of the ex-President's supporters and disarmed the 2,000-man national police. The cops, fumed

Barrientos, while calling for reorganization of the force, were at the center of an insidious anti-government plot.

Guns & Burs. Was it on the level? Barrientos offered no convincing evidence of imminent revolution. But there could be no question about the loyalties of the national police. Paz Estenssoro created the police as his private political militia and as a counterweight to the military. Only Paz's abrupt departure prevented a bitter showdown between the police and the regular army; ever since, Paz's boys in green have ached to avenge him. This month when the army turned up two caches of machine guns, rifles and ammunition buried under po-



GENERAL BARRIENTOS
Any number can play.

lice barracks in La Paz, Barrientos decided to rid himself once and for all of both the cops and a score of other pro-Paz cockleburrs.

Even if Barrientos really had something to fear in the way of a coup, there was also plenty of political play in his reaction. His junta is expected to call presidential elections in another six to nine months, and Barrientos is running hard for the top job. Widely popular within the military and among the peasants, he spends almost as much time on the stump as he does behind his desk. Nothing suits him so much as jumping behind the controls of an air force DC-3 and flying off to some remote pocket of the Andean country to shake hands and slap backs.

Guarantees & Incentive. His recently organized party, the Popular Christian Movement, is small; but Barrientos has won support from the Christian Democrats, Social Christians and the right-wing Falange. He preaches anti-Communism and friendship for the U.S.

—just as Paz did. But he decries what he calls Paz's "corruption" and "police-state control." Says his Minister of Economy: "What we want is a mixed economy with guarantees and incentives for private enterprise, and the government as promoter and regulator, as it is in the U.S."

For a starter, Barrientos is drafting a major reform of the country's vital tin-mining industry that will break the government's twelve-year monopoly on tin-ore exporting and create a free market to encourage more small- and medium-sized operators.

CANADA

Nice Piece of Change

The Royal Canadian Mint had never seen anything like this. On Jan. 2, post-office trucks rolled up to Ottawa's turreted mint building with 125 bags containing nearly 2,000,000 pleading letters. Within a week the mail reached 6,000,000 letters. And who was doing most of the writing? U.S. coin collectors.

An acute coin shortage at home has forced the U.S. Treasury to stop minting "proof sets" of U.S. coins. To discourage collecting, the U.S. has even decided to emboss all coins minted in the first half of 1965 with last year's date. So U.S. numismatists have turned to Canada for this year's issue.

The effect was a little like a run on a country bank. The Canadians fear a coin shortage of their own, and the Ottawa mint is Canada's only coin-making facility. As the mail piled up, Finance Minister Walter L. Gordon issued a hurried public statement declaring the sales of 1965 sets halted. The first day's orders alone were enough for the whole year. Mint Master Norval A. Parker turned one of the mint's cafeterias into a workroom, hired 20 extra workers to return the letters to their senders.

Even so, the Canadians should still make themselves a nice piece of change. Last year the mint sold 1,750,000 coin sets, containing a penny, nickel, dime, quarter, half dollar and silver dollar. To make it worthwhile, the Canadians charged \$3 for the \$1.91 value. This year they will sell 2,000,000 sets at a marked-up price of \$4. Because so many buyers are Americans, it will mean a windfall in U.S. currency.

U.S. collectors would consider the Canadian coin sets a bargain even at a higher price. The value of a 1965 set is expected to jump to \$8 as soon as it hits the open market. And as a speculative investment, coins can hardly be beat: a 1950 U.S. proof set, which originally cost \$2.10, is now worth a cool \$200.

* Minted by special procedures to ensure perfection. The U.S. Mint gives proof sets a double stamping for a more distinct impression; the Canadians stamp only once but handle the coins especially carefully, making sure that no coin touches another.

PEOPLE

Colonnades and a Greek pediment make the front of the rambling country house look like a set from *Gone With the Wind*. And the old massa who lives there fits the movie title too: **Nikita Khrushchev**, still hale at 70 but "retired" to his rent-free government *dacha* outside Moscow on a pension of \$330 a month. After weeks of conscientious sleuthing, U.P.I.'s Henry Shapiro reported other details. Wife Nina gets another \$132, and a five-man staff and limousine are thrown in, courtesy of the current Soviet management, but Khrushchev rarely uses the car to go to the Moscow apartment reserved for his use. Shunning all but his closest friends and family, he spends his time hunting moose and hare, raising prize hogs, and experimenting with hybrid corn he got from Roswell Garst, an Iowa farmer who came to see him in 1955.

Ever since they met as students at the Sorbonne, Existentialist **Jean-Paul Sartre**, 59, and Novelist Simone de Beauvoir, 57, have been constant companions, though they deliberately refrained from becoming enmeshed in the bourgeois snare of matrimony. But now a little one is on the way—sort of. Sartre is adopting a daughter—Algerian-born Arlette Elkaim, 28, a movie critic on his magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*. Simone remains his good *amie*, but unless he leaves a will to the contrary, Arlette will be his legal heir. And while he spurned \$53,000 worth of 1964 Nobel Prize money, his novels, plays, and current autobiography all sell at a disconcertingly bourgeois rate.

Backward, Christian soldiers, roared a British Salvation Army colonel, go ye not to James Bond movies, for the "maimed, tortured people who go screaming through them" are a menace to charity drives and highway safety. Meanwhile, 007 himself, Cinemacolor **Sean Connery**, 34, was raising funds for a newspaper charity by attending the London premiere of *The Yellow Rolls-*

Royce, sporting a beard grown on vacation and his wife, Cinemactress **Diane Cilento**, 31, who was sporting a white fur coat.

In the country of the bland, the one-eyed **Man in the Hathaway Shirt** was a sensation when he appeared in 1951. In those days he was a debonair White Russian, Baron George Wrangel, replaced a year ago by Colin Fox, a dashing British solo Atlantic sailor. Nonetheless, Ellerton F. Jette, 65, retiring this month as president of Maine's C. F. Hathaway Co., admitted that the original suggestion by Adman David Ogilvy to use an "injured man" as a symbol gave Jette the shudders. "Why stress an unfortunate aspect, such as partial blindness?" he asked. He soon found his answer: it sure sold shirts.

Faced with a refusal by trustees to extend visiting hours for women in the dormitories from 9 p.m. until midnight



PRINCETON'S GOHEEN
Forward to co-development.

on all Fridays, the editors of the Daily Princetonian decided that "coeducation is the solution for Princeton's social illness. The development of a young man's mind," purred the Tiger cub disarmingly, "is not only not impeded but is enhanced by normal contact with women." Princeton's President **Robert F. Goheen**, 45, was not about to be mousetrapped. He reserved comment "until my next press conference" (as yet unscheduled), but he covered the topic pretty well the last time it came up—in December. "Princeton," he said then, "doesn't have any social problems coeducation would cure."

Bye, baby bunting, Daddy's flown back to Paris for conferences, but since Daddy is Conductor Herbert von Karajan, 56, who is an expert skier, sailor, amateur racing driver and pilot, his family, staying on to holiday in St.-



VON KARAJANS
Downward with dash.

Moritz, did their best to keep time with the maestro. Four-year-old Isabella tried skiing, and, said **Mama Eliette von Karajan**, 29: "She shows lots of courage, more than I did. She goes down the slope headfirst." One-year-old Arabella stuck to sleigh riding, while Eliette, recovering from the flu, found watching the kids have their fun sport enough.

He keeps telling folks that he's feeling "fine, just fine." And they keep asking how he is, again and again. So Boston's frail but sparkling **Richard Cardinal Cushing**, 69, finally took not to his bed but to verse to answer all the questions in his archdiocesan newspaper, *The Pilot*:

*I live out in Brighton, close to B.C.,
And I'm just as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both my knees
And when I must speak, then I talk
with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak, and my blood is
quite thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape
that I'm in.*

Nothing uncertain about this trumpet in West Point's magazine, *The Pointer*. General of the Army **Omar Bradley**, 71, blared that Field Marshal **Vladimir Montgomery**, 77, was "so darn scared" that he let 40,000 Germans slip through an Allied ring in France at the battle of Falaise Gap in August 1944. The Bulova watch-company executive's censure was a relatively mild one in the 20-year-old Anglo-American wrangle over Who Mucked Up World War II the Most, but one civilian already had combat fatigue. Snorted the London Daily Mirror's columnist **Cassandra**, known to a few friends as **William Connor**, 55: "Nothing could have exceeded the stupidity of the generals of the first World War. Nothing could exceed the garrulity of the generals of the second."

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Backward from Bond.



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THE LAW

FUGITIVES

The Elusive Adam

There may have been Congressmen who grieved at the brief 92 days between sessions—but not Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell. When the 89th Congress convened last week, Powell was finally free to go home. Such are the paradoxes of being the House's No. 1 fugitive from justice.

For 21 months, Powell has ducked paying a \$46,500 libel judgment won by Mrs. Esther James, a Harlem widow whom Powell labeled on TV as a "bag woman" for gambling payoffs. With interest, Powell's debt is now close to \$51,000. With rare severity, New York has issued a warrant for his civil arrest. But now that Congress has convened, Solon Powell has once more donned the constitutional toga (Art. I, Sec. 6) that immunizes Congressmen from civil arrest "during their attendance at the sessions of their respective houses, and in going to and returning from the same."

Between sessions, Powell simply avoids New York, visits such havens as Hawaii in the company of his secretary. (When Congress convenes, he also rarely attends.) But even so, the net is closing. In 1908 the Supreme Court ruled that Congressmen are not immune from criminal as opposed to civil arrest, and New York issued a criminal warrant for Powell last July. It stems from his alleged fraudulent transfer (evading the libel payment) of a \$900 check that *Esquire* paid him for an article ironically titled "The Duties and Responsibilities of a Congressman of the United States." According to the charge, Powell had the money paid to his wife; then it wound up in his congressional account.

The New York judge who issued the

criminal warrant mercifully stayed its execution "during session of the Congress." But the judge can always modify her mercy. Meanwhile, Powell has petitioned the Supreme Court for review of the libel judgment, which was upheld by New York's highest state court. The Supreme Court may be ready to accept or reject Powell's appeal on Jan. 18. If it turns him down, the libel judgment will be final.

At that point, Mrs. James's lawyer will happily hit Powell from a new direction. He will sue the elusive Adam for punitive damages resulting from his alleged transfer of property to escape attachment for the libel debt. The new suit may ask as much as \$500,000.

TORTS

The Case of the Bugged Bedroom

Carl and May Hamberger lived in Gilford, N.H. (pop. 2,000), in a rented house belonging to Chicken Farmer Clifford C. Eastman. When they found their bedroom bugged with what they claim was a listening-recording device wired to Eastman's house, 500 feet away, the Hambergers each filed \$50,000 damage suits against their landlord for "willfully and maliciously" invading their privacy. Hamberger said he was so "greatly distressed" that he needed medical care, "and is still unable to properly perform his normal and ordinary duties as a father and a husband." His wife claimed corresponding injuries.

According to Defendant Eastman, the gadget was there simply to monitor a cellar pump that supplied water to his 18,000 chickens. But whatever the facts, the trial judge did not attempt to probe them; he sent the case straight to the New Hampshire Supreme Court for guidance on a crucial question of law: since New Hampshire is devoid

of statutes or court precedents defining the right of privacy, did the Hambergers have a case?

Landmark Article. As the law goes, privacy is virtually a brand-new right. Until 1890, no U.S. or British court had ever granted relief expressly for "the right to be let alone." Then came a landmark article in the *Harvard Law Review* by two young Boston lawyers, Samuel D. Warren and Louis D. Brandeis (the future Supreme Court justice). As they saw it, the modern press had become so snoopy that modern man was being subjected to "mental pain and distress far greater than could be inflicted by mere bodily injury." Their insistence on privacy as a new legal right became an outstanding example of legal scholarship influencing the courts.

In 1902 the New York Court of Appeals warily rejected the idea in the case of a pretty girl whose picture had been used without her consent to advertise a flour company's wares. The New York legislature soon changed that rule by a statute allowing damages for such invasions of privacy. And in 1904 the Georgia Supreme Court set the controlling judicial precedent by ruling in favor of a young man whose picture was similarly used by a life insurance company. Today, the right to privacy is specifically rejected in only three states (Texas, Wisconsin, Rhode Island); it is recognized in some form or other in about 20 states, and is slowly emerging in nearly all the others, mostly by court precedents but often by statutes.

Speaking for a unanimous court, New Hampshire's Chief Justice Frank R. Kenison has now added his state to the pro-privacy roster by upholding the Hambergers' right to "recover damages to the extent that they can prove them" in a fact-finding trial. But to set that precedent, Justice Kenison had to tackle a tough question: What does the right to privacy include?

Beyond Decency. After 300-odd cases, said Kenison, U.S. law identifies four kinds of privacy torts, or wrongs:

- ▶ Intrusion upon physical and mental solitude.
- ▶ Public disclosure of private facts.
- ▶ Publicity that puts the plaintiff in a false public light.
- ▶ Misappropriation of the plaintiff's name or likeness.

The latter three torts often conflict with the constitutional rights of free speech and press, but in the Hambergers' case, the applicable tort of intrusion requires only "the invasion of something secret, secluded or private pertaining to the plaintiff." As for bugged bedrooms, ruled Kenison, "this is the type of intrusion that would be offensive to any person of ordinary sensibilities."

Such intrusion goes "beyond the limits of decency," said the judge, and Defendant Eastman could not avoid the suit by arguing lack of proof that



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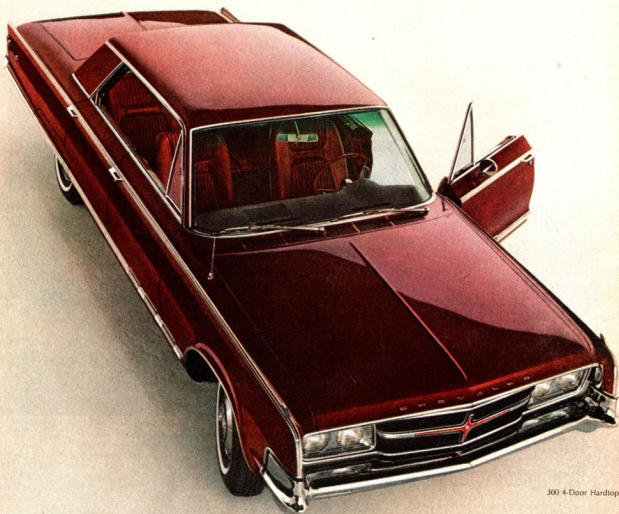
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anyone ever heard the bedroom sounds. The tort of intrusion does not require "publicity and communication to third persons, although this would affect the amount of the damages."

In short, ruled Kenison, the Hambergers do have a right to have their case heard in New Hampshire. "If the peeping Tom, the big ear and the electronic eavesdropper (whether ingenious or ingenious) have a place in the hierarchy of social values, it ought not to be at the expense of a married couple minding their own business in the seclusion of their bedroom."

LIBEL

Possum-Playing Plaintiff

If a TV commentator files suit against his critics for libel and then tries to call off the trial, how do the accused clear their names? Such is the puzzle facing Margot Power, 50, a surgeon's wife, a sometime G.O.P. precinct captain and president of the Grand Traverse (Mich.) League of Women Voters.

Last year Mrs. Power decided that local folks were getting overly fond of a 15-minute Sunday show sponsored by the American Conservative Club. Writing in the league's local bulletin, Mrs. Power declared: "The Dan Smoot TV program, literally right out of Dallas, Texas, is a skillful professional job of propaganda against—against the United Nations, against all foreign aid, against the income tax, against civil rights for the Negro. It is based on slanted information, half-truths, innuendoes, and sometimes worse."

In a later bulletin, she apologized to Smoot "if we hurt his feelings," but the commentator was not moved. He slapped a \$1,000,000 libel suit against Mrs. Power and three other league members, charging that he had suffered financial loss. He offered no specifics whatever, and he spent the next ten months playing possum with the court. Weary of endless pretrial conferences, Federal Judge Noel P. Fox in Grand Rapids finally ordered Smoot to post a \$15,000 bond (he never has) to cover the league's legal fees if it could prove that Smoot's suit was merely for "vexatious purposes." With that, Smoot asked Fox to dismiss the charges.

When Fox refused, Smoot asked for a writ of prohibition from the U.S. Court of Appeals in Cincinnati. Fox argued in reply that the ladies had a free-speech right to clear their names, said he was convinced that Smoot had sued them as part of "a definite plan of harassment and punishment." Without a trial, said Fox, the league would be open to similar suits every time it spoke out. With a trial, the courts could attack a new libel issue—whether public commentators, like public officials, are subject to the rule of no recovery from critics except in cases of "actual malice."

The Court of Appeals ruled against Judge Fox. Since that leaves Smoot, in

effect, the victor, the league's lawyers are now honing an appeal to the Supreme Court on the ground that the ladies of Grand Traverse may be in for future trouble if they now fail to fight for the right to speak their minds.

RULE OF LAW

Justice by Publicity

Albania gets a black mark for staging show trials of political opponents in the worst Stalinist tradition. Cameroun is condemned for banning opposition parties. Portugal is reprimanded for censoring its press. U.S. segregationists are denounced for flouting the U.S. Constitution. With Olympian impartiality, the quarterly *Bulletin of the International Commission of Jurists* attacks violations of human rights wherever it finds them.

The outspoken association of 40,000 judges, lawyers and law professors from more than 60 non-Communist countries does not really expect to reform the world. But it is convinced that publicizing any infraction of the rule of law serves an immediate and practical purpose. The presence and protest of a commission jurist at the 1960 "trial" of deposed Democrats in Turkey transformed that mob-ringed Roman circus overnight into an orderly judicial proceeding. And the glare of the commission's carefully documented study, *Spain and the Rule of Law*, eventually persuaded once furious Spanish officials to discuss incommunicado detentions and denial of the right to strike.

Stimulating Injustice. The International Commission of Jurists was founded in 1952 when a group of lawyers met in West Berlin to probe East German violations of "the rule of law." With remarkable consensus, jurists from quite different countries agreed that the phrase means certain bedrock basics of justice, such as freedom of speech, press, worship, assembly and equal protection of the laws. Warning that "the state exists to serve man," the commission has needled authoritarian governments ever since.

The commission has been assailed as a "Free-Masonic" vehicle for a "Moscow-directed campaign" by Franco's government, as a passel of "lunatics" by Peking Radio. But the invective merely convinces Secretary-General Seán MacBride that he occupies a challenging job. "Invariably our views displease the governments who practice injustice or seek to weaken the rule of law," says MacBride, 60, a former Irish revolutionary whose own love of justice blossomed in many a British jail.

MacBride's father led the Irish brigade that fought against the British in the Boer War, was later executed by the British for his part in Ireland's famous Easter Rising of 1916. MacBride's mother was the legendary Maud Gonne, heroine of Ireland's revolt and of Poet W. B. Yeats, who called her "a phoenix in my youth." MacBride



MacBride & Assistant Vladimir Kabes
In defense of bedrock basics.

spent his own youth bombing British armored cars, commanded the outlaw Irish Republican Army while studying and practicing law in the 1930s. A top Dublin barrister, he later became Ireland's Minister of External Affairs.

Civilizing Law. Despite their bluster, says MacBride, most governments criticized by the commission are willing to discuss its complaints or to admit its investigating teams to probe alleged injustice. Sometimes, as in the case of last year's Panama riots, the commission does not even have to file a complaint. It is invited to make an impartial assessment, and it does. Called in by Panama, a three-man team, consisting of a Dutch law professor, a Swedish judge and a leading Indian lawyer, stunned its host by finding in favor of the U.S. (TIME, June 19).

The commission is partly financed by the Ford Foundation, but largely out of the pockets of its own members, such as the chief justices of countries as diverse as Nigeria and Norway. At commission headquarters at 2 Rue du Cheval-Blanc in suburban Geneva, a staff of 35 hustles to publish not only the *Bulletin* but also the *Journal* and the *Newsletter*, with a combined circulation of 400,000 copies in four languages (English, French, German, Spanish). Paid only bare expenses, teams of jurists are dispatched in every direction; international congresses are organized in such places as Athens, New Delhi and Lagos. Next month: Bangkok.

It is the commission's basic premise that human freedom is equally precious everywhere, yet is nowhere completely safe. The essence of freedom is law, say the multinational lawyers, and like the organization's founders, Secretary-General MacBride holds a lofty view of the lawyer's obligation. "Lawyers," says he, "have a sacred duty to preserve the physical, moral and intellectual integrity of human beings."

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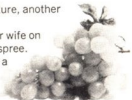
Once that's all settled, you've got Paris to look forward to. So put your papers down and enjoy yourself. Take a walk down one of the majestic boulevards, or turn into one of the quaint cobblestone streets. Stop at a café for some unforgettable pastry. See, firsthand, some of the sights

you've known since you were a kid. (Like the Eiffel Tower, or the Arc de Triomphe.) Begin to pick up

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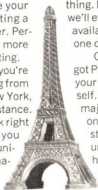
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MEDICINE

EMBRYATRICS

Transfusions in the Womb

A new medical specialty is developing. Not yet officially recognized, it is embryiatrics: the treatment of the baby still in the womb. Conceived little more than a year ago in Auckland, New Zealand, it is now being practiced on four continents in the hope of saving fetuses endangered by Rh incompatibility. And if its pioneers' hopes are fulfilled, embryiatrics will eventually be extended to the treatment and prevention of other handicapping or fatal conditions.

Ever since the days of Hippocrates the womb has been regarded as a privileged sanctuary in which the fetus was protected against most kinds of harm. Any disturbance promised a premature birth, and doctors did not dare to attempt direct treatment of the unborn. But the more they learned about anemia from Rh incompatibility and the more certain they became of saving nine babies out of ten who are threatened by this disease, the more frustrated they became about the tenth.

Analyzing the Waters. The first breakthrough was a diagnostic technique involving the insertion of a hypodermic needle through the walls of the mother's abdomen and uterus, into the amniotic sac (bag of waters). Fluid withdrawn through the needle showed the extent to which the baby's Rh-positive cells were being destroyed by antibody from the Rh-negative mother. If the damage was moderate, obstetricians delivered the baby prematurely and gave it transfusions of Rh-negative blood. But if the fluid showed severe damage when the fetus was still too premature for delivery, the obstetrician could only sit back and wait for a malleable nature to take its course.

New Zealand-born Dr. A. William Liley applied simple, practical reasoning

to the problem. Anything he did, he figured, must be for the better—"You couldn't possibly do any harm to the baby, because it couldn't be worse off than it already was." And if it was all right to push a hypodermic needle into the bag of waters, why not keep going and push it into the fetus' abdomen? At National Women's Hospital in Auckland, he did just that. Through the bore of the heavy-gauge needle, he then inserted a thin plastic tube. And through this he injected red cells, Rh-negative like the mother's, to replace the baby's own Rh-positive cells, which were being destroyed. A fetus can absorb blood cells directly from its abdominal cavity.

Into an Artery. Dr. Liley's bold invasion of the womb failed in his first three tries because the babies had already been too severely damaged. His fourth attempt succeeded, and a live baby—now 16 months old and developing normally—was delivered. Dr. Liley has since had 13 successes in 18 cases. He is now at Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center on a research grant from the U.S. Public Health Service.

Also at Columbia, Dr. Karlis Adamsons Jr. decided that as valuable as the Liley technique may be, it is still too little and too late in too many cases. What the fetus may need, he reasoned, is a massive, virtually total exchange transfusion. But how to give it? In one case, Dr. Adamsons boldly cut through the mother's abdominal wall and enough of the uterus to expose the fetus' abdomen and one leg. He cut into the fetus' groin and put a plastic catheter in the femoral artery. Through this tube he withdrew much of the baby's blood and replaced it with donor blood. Astonishingly, this radical surgery did not kill the fetus. But when the mother later went into labor, the baby was too premature to survive.

Dr. Adamsons has since tried another approach. He has cut into the uterus and into the fetus' peritoneal cavity, and there he has implanted an extremely fine catheter that can be left in place. All six fetuses operated on in this way continued to develop for a month or more; Dr. Adamsons and his colleagues are confident that eventually a way will be found to help the mothers carry them until they can survive normally.

Back in Auckland during Dr. Liley's absence, Surgeon Graham C. Liggins has found a way to insert a catheter through the bore of a hypodermic needle, then anchor it in the peritoneum in such a way that no matter how much the fetus squirms, the catheter will not pull out. Thus it can be left in place for repeated transfusions.

After Ten Failures. Rh sensitization is a more frequent cause of childlessness in countries where tropical anemias are treated by transfusions that may be mismatched, which explains the keen interest in embryiatrics in South America. But there are so many cases in North America that it is being tried in at least two medical centers in New York City, and at others in Rochester, N.Y., Boston, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Winnipeg. About half of the hundred or more babies treated have been saved. Last month the University of California's Dr. Jimmie Alf Westberg flew to Phoenix and supervised a Liley-style transfusion. The 40-year-old mother had lost ten babies to Rh incompatibility. Her latest pregnancy will have a chance of success.

SURGERY

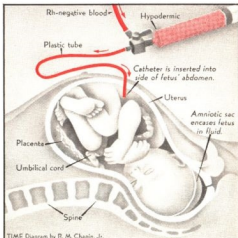
Voluntary Sterilization

Though neither doctors nor their patients like to talk about it, voluntary sterilization has become one of the most popular operations in the U.S. Statistics pile up behind a veil of silence, but best estimates are that 1,500,000 Americans have already been sterilized and



DR. LILEY OPERATING ON A FETUS

A bold invasion of a sanctuary, for a baby who could not be worse off.



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100,000 more are operated on each year.

The procedure is the surest of all methods of birth control, but it got off to a bad start because it has often been equated with involuntary operations performed on mental defectives and criminals (TIME, Nov. 13). It has also been confused with castration.* Sterilization, however, does not involve removal of any part of the sex glands or organs, and has no effect on physical capacity for intercourse. It simply makes it impossible for the woman's egg or the man's sperm to travel its normal pathway.

Despite the present popularity of the voluntary operations, many Americans still have not heard of them, and of those who have, most—including a surprising number of doctors—think they are illegal. But only three states (Connecticut, Kansas and Utah) require medical justification. The other 47 states have no such requirement. The chief proponent of the operations, the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, argues that they are legal provided that they are "for the protection and in the best interest of the patient's well-being."

Major & Minor. Sterilization of a woman, or salpingectomy, is admittedly major surgery, but Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, president of Planned Parenthood-World Population, contends that it is no more difficult or dangerous than an appendectomy. It must be done in a hospital under general anesthesia. Through an abdominal incision, a gynecological surgeon cuts both Fallopian tubes and ties off the separated ends. After that there is no way for an egg to pass from the ovary to the womb.

The operation is often done immediately after childbirth. It is technically easier then, and more convenient because the patient is already in the hospital. Surgeons' fees average around \$200. Increasing use of contraceptive pills among women who can afford them may tend to cut down female sterilization. But there is no pill for men.

* Castration in men consists of removing the testicles, in women of removing the ovaries. In both it is a beneficial and desirable procedure to slow the ravages of cancer of the prostate, breast or uterus if the growths are of a type that is stimulated by sex hormones.

The male operation, or vasectomy, is a minor operation—quicker, simpler and cheaper. It is usually done in a doctor's office, under local anesthesia. The surgeon makes a small incision in one side of the scrotum and pulls out a length of the vas deferens, the tube through which spermatozoa pass from the testis on the way to the urethra. He cuts out about half an inch of the tube and ties off both ends, and repeats the operation on the other side. It can all be done in about 15 minutes, for an average fee of \$75. The man can go back to work the next day, and resume sexual relations in a week or two.

If a couple should later want more children, or if either partner remarries and wants children, the chances for de-sterilization range from 50% to 80%. The surgeon performs a reverse operation and sews the tubes back together.

Appalachia Campaign. The popularity of voluntary sterilization was not generally suspected until 1959, when a study by the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center showed that: in one out of every ten couples of childbearing age, either husband or wife had been sterilized. The survey sampling ranged through all social strata. The only population group showing markedly lower-than-average rate was the Roman Catholics, to whom sterilization is forbidden by papal encyclical and decree.

Proponents of voluntary sterilization are not so much propagandizing for the operation as they are trying to break down prejudices against it. One place where there is an active campaign to promote it is Appalachia, where men who have been unemployed for years continue to father unwanted children. The Voluntary Sterilization group has set up a pilot project for several counties, with a \$25,000 grant from Jesse Hartman, a Manhattan real estate man. In its first six months, this plan has signed up scores of men and women, with 115 operations already completed or approved at an average cost of \$195 for women and \$40 for men. Charge to the patients: nothing.

* India, now adding 10 million annually to its population, is aiming at sterilization of 2,500,000 men a year. As an inducement, Indian states offer bounties ranging from \$1.60 to \$6.30.



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VIOLINISTS

Return of the Prodigy

The violin is a Jewish instrument. At least that is the popular conception in Israel, where, next to having a college professor in the family, the proudest parents are those who can boast about "my son the violin player." Indeed, the front rank of the world's best violinists is predominantly Jewish—David Oistrakh, Nathan Milstein, Leonid Kogan, Yehudi Menuhin, Jascha Heifetz, Isaac Stern.

This national affection for the violin, says Jerusalem Critic-Composer Yohanan Boehm, stems from the days when the wandering Jews of Eastern Europe adopted the instrument from the gypsies. "The violin was inexpensive," says Boehm, "easy to carry, and it could cry and sing like the human voice. So it best expressed the bittersweet emotions of the Jew in his homelessness."

"The violin was the ticket out of the ghetto," explains Isaac Stern. "Pianos were scarce; woodwinds didn't mean anything." As a result, Israel teems with violinists. The tiny nation's 32 music schools are brimming over with aspiring young fiddlers, and hundreds more study privately.

Heavenly, Beautiful. In such a hotbed of violinists, a touring virtuoso must display truly extraordinary gifts to elicit any kind of favorable response from the discerning Israeli critics and audiences. Last week just such an extraordinary talent came to Israel—Itzhak Perlman, 19, on his first visit to his native land since he left to study in the U.S. six years ago. Crisscrossing the country for eight concerts, Perlman drew rapturous reviews: "heavenly, beautiful," "already a master," "in the

front row of the very few great violinists of our day." Said Michal Smoira, critic for Tel Aviv's *Haaretz*: "His ability and general knowledge of music are so superb and so extraordinary that his technique and manual ability are taken as a matter of course. Beyond all that, Perlman creates a total feeling which sings in the ear and shakes the soul."

At Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium, Perlman played the Sibelius and Tchaikovsky concertos. Hunching forward, lips pursed, he coaxed an exceptionally warm and blooming tone from his instrument with his dancing, stubby fingers and vigorous strokes of the bow. Afterward the audience of 2,500 cheered for 15 minutes and shouted for an encore, something they rarely ask.

Exposure Problem. Perlman is a polio victim. He hobbles onto the stage on crutches and plays sitting down. He was stricken with the disease when he was four and lived for one year in bed with his violin. As soon as he was able to get around, he entered music school. At 13, he won a scholarship to Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music, where he has been a student ever since. His parents, Zionist pioneers who came to Israel in the 1930s, moved to New York City with him. His father now folds shirts in a Manhattan laundry for \$50 a week.

Exposure in the U.S. has been a bit of a problem for Perlman. His all-important debut in Carnegie Hall went unnoticed because it occurred during the 1962-63 newspaper strike. Then last April he won the prestigious Leventritt Competition, but in all the excitement the \$15,000 Guarnerius violin he had borrowed from Juilliard was stolen. The instrument was recovered later in a pawnshop, but news of the event completely overshadowed his stunning victory. Barring other such misfortunes, the U.S. and the world will be hearing a lot more about Itzhak Perlman in the very near future.

PANTOMIME

Angst Merchants in BVDs

Pantomime speaks in a universal language, and it is usually baby talk. At New York's City Center, the Polish Mime Theater has added music, choreography and a variety of props to the basic vocabulary, all to no avail. The company puts extravagant technical competence at the service of canary-brained ideas.

Known as the Henryk Tomaszewski troupe, after its director-producer and leading actor, the ten-year-old company is actually considered avant-garde in Poland—though it is ideologically safe enough to be permitted extensive tours outside the Communist bloc. Despite its considerable success in other European countries, the fundamental trouble, for U.S. theatergoers, is that Poland is just



POLISH PANTOMIMIST
A basket case tomorrow.

too too off-Broadway. At any rate, the program is saturated with all the fashionably despairing notions that stir tempests in the espresso cups of Greenwich Village coffeehouses. The angst comes in all flavors and includes Everyman's thwarted desire to communicate with Everyman, the torment of the creative artist, the solitary anguish of existence, and the torturing sense of living in the shadow of the Apocalypse.

Coagulated Syrup. The company's longest single item is "The Post Office," a sort of *Our Town* story as Kafka might retell it. A dusty, creaky, self-important postmaster rubber-stamps his way through bizarre, touching and humdrum encounters with the town's citizens. At skit's end, the postmaster is walking around with an inverted wastebasket covering his head. Poof! The postmaster disappears, but the basket is still there. This is typical of the evening's pseudoprofundities—here today, and a basket case tomorrow.

One pantomimic cliché that turns up endlessly is the in-place step-slide, in which a character appears to be trekking across a tundra of coagulated syrup. Considerably fresher, though not terribly pertinent, is the occasional very cool jazz accompaniment that suggests that all attempts to immunize Iron Curtain countries from the music of the decadent West have failed.

Like Male Rockettes. The few girls in the troupe are fetchingly swaddled in neck-length nylons. The men seem to be clad in flesh-colored BVDs on which someone has apparently traced the entire human nervous system. The net effect is rather unbinding, like watching a platoon of nude male Rockettes undergoing surgery.

As Marcel Marceau has proved, a brilliant mime can reveal wistful, grief-stricken and joyous states of human feeling. But after an evening of planned misery with the Polish Mime Theater, one merely wonders if Communism can really be all that bad.



PERLMAN IN TEL AVIV
A master already.

EDUCATION

FEDERAL AID

Going Up Fast

"Nothing succeeds like a successor," jokes U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel, 48. What he means is that he succeeded to his job two years ago, just as his agency was evolving from a onetime statistics-keeping bureau to a major arm of government, now bigger in budget than the depart-

JIM HANAN



KEPPEL

The more billions the merrier.

ments of Commerce, Interior, Justice or Labor.

The Office of Education, which spent only \$26 million in 1945 and \$230 million in 1955, this year will disburse \$1.5 billion. It still controls less than one-third of federal spending on education, which costs \$4.9 billion, in forms as various as Department of Agriculture school lunches, National Science Foundation grants and NASA training funds. But if Congress enacts the recommendations of the message on education that President Johnson sends to it this week, the Office of Education next year will get its budget doubled to \$3 billion.

Spellman's Camel. Two-thirds of the added \$1.5 billion would go to local school districts on the basis of the number of pupils whose families have annual incomes of \$2,000 or less, as a step toward Johnson's State of the Union pledge that "every child must have the best education our nation can provide." Even more radically, the proposal skirts the divisive aid-to-parochial-schools issue by allowing what Washington calls "Cardinal Spellman's camel"—that is Roman Catholic hunger for aid—to poke its head under the tent. School districts receiving federal money would buy textbooks and scientific equipment for underprivileged children in public and parochial schools alike, unless this is specifically banned

by state law. As many as 90% of the nation's school districts might benefit, although Title VI of the Civil Rights Act would exclude any segregated school system.

Another \$500 million would go for new programs such as "service centers," mostly located within existing public or private schools, which might provide testing, guidance, remedial math and reading, language laboratories, classes for gifted or retarded children—all outside the usual concept of classroom education.

On Capitol Hill. If the President's proposals are enacted, as seems probable given their home-town appeal and their concessions to Catholics (the most numerous single denomination in Congress), the Office of Education will have to draw more than ever on the talents of Frank Keppel. The proud owner of just one earned degree, a Harvard College A.B., Keppel was made dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education at the age of 32, went on to gain a vast unofficial influence in educational circles because he was so often consulted on appointments of top-level school superintendents, such as New York City's Calvin Gross. In 1962 Keppel himself was tapped for the commissioner's job by President Kennedy to succeed Sterling McMurrin, who had decided to go back to teaching philosophy in Utah after a frustrated tenure of 17 months.

Since coming to Washington, Keppel has gone to Capitol Hill 17 times to testify before committees of the 88th Congress, which enacted 14 major education bills, providing federal money for student loans, vocational training, construction of university facilities, etc. An urbane, persuasive champion of higher educational standards, Keppel gave 101 speeches to groups as varied as the National Symphony Orchestra Association, the United Jewish Appeal and the Chamber of Commerce. (To keep him from furiously racing through speeches, his assistant, John Naishitt, writes on each page, "Slow down.")

Secretary of Education? The mark of his approach has been to seek support beyond the educational fraternity. One result is the agency's handsome, plentifully illustrated new magazine *American Education*, to be published ten times a year starting this month and sent free to influential citizens such as judges, businessmen, labor leaders, physicians. Educators and others must subscribe to get the magazine, and 20,000 have already sent in the \$3 price of a subscription. Keppel does not particularly mind that federal education programs are parceled out among 42 different departments and agencies: "You're a lot better off with a lot of allies."

Keppel and his job have grown so important that last week no fewer than

three legislators, including Senator Abraham Ribicoff, Kennedy's original appointee as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, introduced legislation to create a separate Department of Education with Cabinet status to consolidate under one roof most Federal Government educational activities. Keppel, who has clearly a free hand in running his office under self-effacing Secretary Anthony Celebrezze, is tactfully noncommittal about such legislation. "I came to Washington to work for Celebrezze and I'm happy as a clam," he says.

UNIVERSITIES

New Man at Berkeley

For the tumultuous times that may well lie ahead at the University of California, the board of regents last week picked a new top official, competent in the field of "student political activity." The choice for acting chancellor: Martin Meyerson, 42, an internationally known authority on city planning who since 1963 has been dean of the College of Environmental Design at Berkeley. He takes over from Chancellor Edward W. Strong, 63, who has been suffering from a gall-bladder ailment as well as heavy nervous strain.

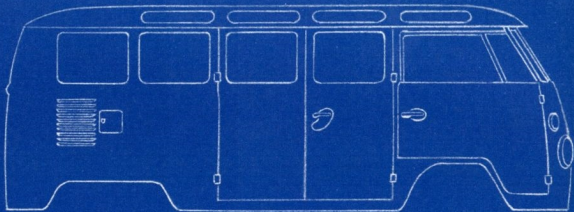
City Planner. "I sort of fancy myself as a troubleshooter," says Meyerson. In one of his books an important topic is "decision making in the face of conflict." A native of New York City, he studied urban planning at Harvard (M.C.P., '49) after graduating from Columbia College. He has taught at Chicago, Pennsylvania and Harvard, served on U.N. urban-planning missions in Japan and Indonesia, was a consultant on the reconstruction of Skopje, the Yugoslavian city devastated by an earthquake in 1963. In manner Meyerson is shy and whimsical. One close friend says of him that "his favorite word is 'meld,' and his characteristic

STEPHEN FRISCH



MEYERSON

The issue is a hundred hellos.



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posture is melding the interests of a great variety of people."

As a dean, he voted last month with a majority of the faculty for concessions to the students in the self-styled Free Speech Movement. Taking his new job, he said: "One of the absolutes in my world is that the rights of democracy have to be extended not only to those with whom we agree but to those with whom we disagree." As for civil disobedience, which students used last month in their sit-in at the university's administration building, Meyerson thinks it "warranted as a last resort in our democracy—it was warranted in Boston at the famous tea party."

Exam Time. First-semester final exams are about to begin at Cal, and for now most students are willing to skip demonstrations and let Meyerson work out his own way of running the university. But the conflict is not settled. Student Leader Mario Savio questions "whether the regents are the proper people to be running the university," and his Free Speech Movement wants to "establish the availability of a revolutionary experience in education." Concessions so far, he says, do not permit "free speech with consequences, free speech which may lead to sit-ins and picket lines and other civil rights demonstrations."

Clark Kerr, president of the whole California university system, knows that the procedure for free expression will not work unless students show good faith. "Suppose a loudspeaker can be used only until 1 p.m., because its use would interfere with classes after that time," he says. "One proposed stratagem would call for a loudspeaker to be employed after 1 o'clock with perhaps 100 persons lined up to say hello or make talks." Troubleshooter Meyerson's prospect is that he will have plenty of trouble to shoot.

FOUNDATIONS

Giving Out & Getting Richer

The Ford Foundation last year handed out money at the rate of \$4,600,000 a week, most of it to schools and scholars, for a total of \$241,544,000. Income from its investment portfolio, which includes 46,284,000 shares of Ford Motor Co. stock and shares of 126 other corporations, was a glaring \$94,601,000 less than outgo. But no matter how much it spends, the Ford Foundation can't get poorer. Cautiously raising the book value of its Ford stock from \$30 to \$33 per share, still well below the market value, the Foundation reported that its net assets had risen by \$113 million to an alltime high of \$2.4 billion.

Even if giving out money faster than it comes in seems hopeless, the Foundation intends to keep trying. This week it helped two of the nation's richest universities strengthen their international studies programs. Harvard got \$12.5 million of Ford money and Columbia \$10.9 million.

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On the front line of research to improve cigarette filtration is—of all things—the lowly clam. The gills of the clam resemble the hairlike natural cleaning system of the human respiratory tract. Under the microscope, they can be used to test certain effects of smoke.

Since two cigarettes per day are consumed for every man, woman and child in the world, cigarette filtration is of interest to people everywhere. The trend today is to filtered smoking. The pro-

portion of filter use varies from zero percent in Outer Mongolia to 60 percent in the U.S., to 99 percent in Panama.

People have explored everything from feathers to cheese, and even spiderwebs, for filters, but the great majority of filters are made of acetate tow. Celanese and its affiliates produce this tow in six countries. Backing up this production is a seven-year-old program of filter research based on advice from the medical profession, government, the cigarette in-

dustry and scientists from a score of countries.

Cigarette filter development is just one example of how Celanese is translating modern technology fast into solutions to human problems. Celanese materials developed from modern chemistry go into an ever-expanding list of quality products that span the activities of man—from fashions to films, paints to packaging, adhesives to automobile products.

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RELIGION

CLERGY

Pastor Niemöller's Torpedoes

Remembered for leading his church's opposition to Hitler, Evangelical Pastor Martin Niemöller still enjoys a reputation abroad as one of Germany's most respected clerics. He was elected one of six co-presidents of the World Council of Churches in 1961, will help preside at the council's meeting this week in Nigeria. But at home Niemöller is more and more regarded with the same kind of pained dismay that Anglican clerics reserved for the late "Red Dean" of Canterbury—and for a not wholly dissimilar reason. He is now a militant but myopic neutralist, whose angry blasts against "warmongering" always seem to be addressed to the West and never to the Communist world.

Inhumanity Personified. Niemöller, who was a U-boat commander during World War I, this month fired another of his political torpedoes. Writing in the fortnightly church magazine *Stimme* (Voice), Niemöller charged that West Germany's militaristic policies are a danger to peace, and have earned his country a "general unpopularity" matching South Africa's. He cited Transport Minister Hans-Christoph Seebohm and former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss as "names behind which living humanity suspects inhumanity personified." West German democracy, he said, "only shares the name with what one used to understand by it," and the leading political parties are bent on creating a dictatorship that would make Hitler seem like "an orphan boy." For that reason, Niemöller urged Christians to mock next September's elections by turning in ballots invalidated by written expressions of scorn for the contending parties.

Niemöller, who spent eight years in concentration camps for his courageous opposition to the Third Reich, has been going left ever since the end of World War II. He has denounced the "war hysteria" of the U.S., and once he said that he would not blame the Russians for trying to drive American forces out of Europe. He has suggested that a reunited Germany under Communism might be better than the present division, and has implied that the Federal Republic's army is a "high school for criminals."

Realities & Fantasies. The pastor's latest blast led a government spokesman to suggest that it would be wiser to ignore the thoughts of a man "who cannot always distinguish clearly between realities and fantasies." Hannover's Lutheran Bishop Hanns Lilje called ballot invalidation "a mistaken means of striving for peace." Hamburg Theologian-Precator Helmut Thielicke said: "Niemöller is a typical German, who has no sense for compromise." But German church leaders, though em-

barrassed by Niemöller's political views, have never moved to depose him because of his international prestige. At 73, he has retired from all his offices in the Evangelical Church; his fellow clerics hold some faint hope that eventually he will stop firing torpedoes without upsetting periscope.

EVANGELISM

God & Man on 800 Campuses

Is faith in an inerrant Bible compatible with the insights of science and psychology? At least 18,000 U.S. college students believe that the answer is unquestionably yes. To prove it, they combine classroom study with missions to fellow students in the fast-growing Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

Founded by a group of Cambridge University undergraduates in 1877, the fellowship organized an American branch in 1940. There are now chapters on 800 U.S. campuses, most of them secular rather than church-related, and within the last four years membership has doubled. Between Christmas and New Year's Day more than 7,000 students gave up part of their vacation to gather on the Champaign-Urbana campus of the University of Illinois for the largest meeting in the fellowship's history, whose threefold theme summed up the students' conservative Christian zeal: "Change Unparalleled, Witness Unashamed, Triumph Unquestioned."

Coaches for Christ. For five prayer-filled days, the students gathered together to sing hymns and read Scripture, listen to lectures by faculty professors and missionaries on such topics as the dynamics of evangelism and the responsibilities of Christian ministry. Among the guest speakers were Billy Graham and Dr. Clyde Taylor, general director of the 2,000,000-member National Association of Evangelicals.

Inter-Varsity aims to keep alive the

youthful faith of young Christians on secular campuses, introduce the nominal believer to the "living personality" of Jesus, and persuade at least a few chapter members to join foreign missions. The fellowship has a full-time adult staff of 105, including 70 traveling "coaches" who help out the individual chapters. Members usually meet once a week for prayer and Bible study, spend many of their off-duty hours trying to convert fellow students. At the University of Illinois, for example, the Inter-Varsity chapter sends a welcoming letter to freshmen, sponsors lectures by conservative theologians.

What Did He Say? Fellowship members range from Pentecostals to Greek Orthodox, although all must affirm their belief in the authority of the Bible, the divinity of Christ, and the historical fact of Resurrection. What the fellowship seeks to do, explains its new U.S. general director, University of Wisconsin Geographer John Alexander, is to answer five basic questions: "What did Jesus say? Why did he say it? What did he do? Why did he do it? And, finally, what is the significance of the answers to these questions to me as an individual?" In pursuit of the answers, Inter-Varsity members read Salinger and Camus along with the Bible.

Inter-Varsity evangelists are, of course, suspect to many of their quizzical college contemporaries, and John Worden, head of the University of Wisconsin chapter, admits: "In numerical terms, we don't make very many converts." One reason, suggest Protestants critical of the movement, may be that Inter-Varsity is too narrowly and introspectively concerned with personal behavior. In answer, Inter-Varsity leaders argue that the fellowship's Bible-centered brand of discipline uniquely equips young Christians to witness for Christ in their post-college jobs. "We train a man to be a football player," says Alexander, "and then let him decide which football team he wants to play on."

ARTHUR LIEBEL



ALEXANDER



INTER-VARSITY STUDENTS AT ILLINOIS CONVENTION

"Change Unparalleled, Witness Unashamed, Triumph Unquestioned."

SCIENCE

AVIATION

Two Worlds of Speed

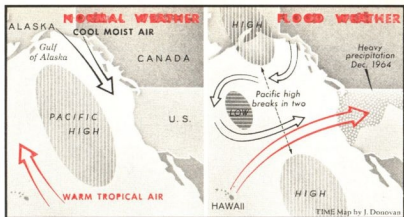
Even as it rolled out toward take-off, its fuselage had the swift, forward-straining look that is a jet-age hallmark. But its wings stuck almost straight out from its sides with the leisurely air of an old-fashioned puddle jumper. The contradiction is designed to make General Dynamics' slow-fast F-111A fighter-bomber the forerunner of a whole new breed of military aircraft operating in two worlds of speed.

The F-111 had already demonstrated its airworthiness—but only with its wings in a slow, takeoff position. This was the time to test the wings' ability to move, to sweep backward so that the plane could switch to high-speed flight.

Novel Control. At 10,000 ft. over Carswell Air Force Base near Fort Worth, Test Pilot Richard L. Johnson began the critical maneuver that is the F-111's reason for being. In the instrument-crammed cockpit, he reached for a novel control: a pistol grip that can be moved backward and forward like a trombone slide. He pushed it forward, and the wings responded by folding backward. He moved them first to 26 degrees of sweep, then 43 degrees, at last to 72 degrees. In this high-speed condition, the F-111 looked



F-111A FOLDING WINGS IN FLIGHT
The 1,650-m.p.h. convertible.



like a schoolboy's folded paper dart.

During its hourlong flight, the F-111 climbed to a modest 27,000 ft. and flew at only 450 m.p.h., which is less than one-third of its planned 1,650-m.p.h. speed. But the revolutionary wing mechanism worked perfectly, and the airplane handled easily with wings in all positions. Before landing, Pilot Johnson pulled the trombone control backward. The wings extended again, and the plane touched down lightly at moderate speed. Many more flights will be necessary, but the crucial wing-sweeping maneuver was wholly successful, and it was completed 24 days ahead of official schedule.

Massive Mechanism. The details of the wing control mechanism that changes the F-111 from a low-speed, easy-landing airplane to a dartlike, deadly, high-altitude speedster, are mostly classified. But all parts must be unusually strong to resist the giant forces of high-speed flight. Massive screw-actuated jacks pull the wings against the racing air. A new lubricating system had to be developed to make the pivots work freely.

For a while, pilots and engineers argued about the wing control. One faction held that when the pistol grip was pulled backward, the wings should fold backward in concert. Others insisted that since all pilots are trained to push engine throttles forward when they want more speed, they might get confused at a dangerous moment if they were compelled to pull the wing control backward for the same effect. The second faction won. Now, with a plane that can fly to any place in the world in a single day, F-111 pilots will still be handling controls as familiar and reliable as modern engineers can make them.

METEOROLOGY

Ill Wind from Hawaii

The forecaster at the San Francisco airport was busily recording weather data from ships and planes out in the Pacific. And as the hieroglyphics of his profession spread across his maps, he recognized signs of trouble. The Pacific High, a mass of high-pressure air that

normally occupies most of the area between Alaska and Hawaii, shielding California in winter from rain-bearing oceanic winds, was breaking in two before his eyes. Half of it had moved southward to the latitude of Mexico while the other half had shifted northward to the Gulf of Alaska. Through the low-pressure gap that resulted, a stream of warm, moist, tropical air, 500 miles wide and dotted with storms, was flowing toward Northern California.

The forecaster wasted no time issuing a warning, and trouble came right on schedule. For ten days last month a wind from Hawaii blew across the Northern California coast, dropping its moisture when forced to climb over the mountains. Heavy rain fell, in some places 35 inches. Eastward all the way to Idaho, the high mountains got the worst drenching; the warm rain melted accumulated snow, adding another ten inches to the foaming runoff. Before the ill wind from Hawaii stopped blowing, it had started disastrous floods that cost nearly 50 lives and almost a billion dollars in damage.

Canadian High. While the Pacific Northwest was suffering, the rest of the U.S. was enjoying unusually calm and warm winter weather. The Canadian High, another meteorological fixture, moved southward to cover the central part of the continent, protecting it from arctic cold and keeping the bad weather of the Pacific from penetrating much beyond the Rocky Mountains.

After ten days, the Pacific High pulled itself together again. The normal pattern of northwest winter weather brought cold air from Alaska. Snowfall put ski resorts back in business again. The steep rivers stopped foaming, and river towns began cleaning up the debris left by floods. Then, early last week, the sheltering Pacific High broke in two once more, and another wind from Hawaii headed for California. Another warning went out, and inhabitants of flood-damaged towns headed for the hills.

Warm Water or Jet Stream. But by week's end the Pacific High was knitting itself together again and West Coast weathermen were trying to spot

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<p align="center">\$529</p> <p>Winter in Spain Holiday #3 21 days Departing from N.Y.: Thursdays through Feb. 25 To: Madrid, Granada, Torremolinos, Seville, Cordova</p>	<p align="center">\$599</p> <p>Winter in Spain Holiday #4 21 days Departing from N.Y.: Mondays through March 1 To: Madrid, Granada, Torremolinos, Seville, Cordova, Canary Islands</p>	<p align="center">\$1170</p> <p>Sky and Sea Tour #1 Cruising the Mediterranean on the Mauretania 21 days Departing from N.Y.: March 8 To: London, Tangier, Barcelona, Livorno, Catania, Palma, Madrid, Nice</p>
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the original cause of the trouble. Some of them blamed the jet stream, the belt of high-altitude wind that blows around the planet in mid-latitudes. It has been unusually swift this winter, reaching speeds of 150 m.p.h., and has crossed the U.S. in an unusual pattern, curving down from western Alaska to Southern California and then slanting up to Chicago. It may have had some influence on low-altitude weather, but experts do not agree. One group blames the West Coast's time of weather trouble on a great patch of unusually warm surface water far out in the Pacific, which may have somehow encouraged the Hawaiian wind. Most meteorologists ruefully admit that they cannot spot the ultimate cause of the trouble with any assurance. "If we could tell what makes the Pacific High come apart," said one, "we could solve most of the mysteries of long-range weather forecasting."

ARCHAEOLOGY

Search for the First Intellectual

For three fruitful decades Archaeologist Walter Emery of the University of London has been exploring the inexhaustible sands of Egypt. Much of his work was done near the great Step Pyramid at Saqqara, 15 miles from Cairo, where he excavated nine mastabas (tombs capping burial shafts) of the earliest Pharaohs. This season he picked a low-lying stretch of desert north of the pyramid, where the soil was colored by pottery fragments. Somehow, the archaeologists who have worked over the area year after year had all missed the promising spot.

Father of Medicine. Playing his educated hunch, Professor Emery dug into the desert and discovered another buried mastaba. When he uncovered its southern burial shaft, he found it filled with thousands of mummified ibises. The bodies of the long-legged birds were

wrapped in cloth, stuffed into pottery jars, and piled up like bricks. Digging deeper in the ground, Emery found an amazing network of ancient tunnels, most of them piled to their roofs with ibis mummies. Since the ibis was an Egyptian symbol of wisdom, they indicated to Emery that somewhere near by had stood the long-lost shrine of Imhotep, the Egyptian father of medicine, who was probably the first intellectual to impress his name on history.

The Step Pyramid itself is a monument to Imhotep. It was built as the tomb of Pharaoh Zoser, who reigned about 2980 B.C., but Imhotep was its architect. And because it is the oldest stone pyramid, the Egyptians have credited Imhotep with inventing the art of building with cut stone. He was also Zoser's prime minister, a magician, sage, proverb maker, and patron of the scribes who ran the Egyptian bureaucracy. Century by century through Egypt's long history his reputation grew. During the Ptolemaic dynasty (323-30 B.C.), when Greeks ruled Egypt, he was identified with Asclepius, their mythical source of the healing arts; sick people limped to his shrines by the thousands to pray for miraculous cures.

Healing Ibises. The most magnificent of these shrines, or Asclepiions, was somewhere near the Step Pyramid. It was especially holy because the body of the healer himself was believed to be buried near by. The pilgrims who came to Saqqara sacrificed ibises, which were sacred to Imhotep. Their carcasses were mummified and tucked away underground so that their souls would journey to the god and ask his healing favor. The shrine was deserted many centuries ago, and desert storms erased all surface traces of it. Not until Emery broke into its catacombs did anyone know what had become of the mummies of all those ibises.

The professor, however, is bored with the embalmed birds. They are, after all, of Ptolemaic age, distressingly young for Egypt. But the network of tunnels apparently covers more than a square mile, and Emery intends to explore them thoroughly, no matter how many mummies he must disturb. His goal is the hidden tomb of history's first intellectual, and the mummy of the great Imhotep himself.

ELECTRONICS

Plating with Permanence

Now that his new metal-plating system is all polished up and promises to revolutionize many industrial processes, Physicist Donald M. Mattox of Albuquerque's Sandia Corp. is faced with a persistent question. "People keep asking me why no one thought of it before," he says, and he has quit trying to find an answer. His best guess is that practical metallurgists knew too little theory to tackle the problem, while basic research scientists, who know enough



PHYSICIST MATTOX

A hopeful future in space.

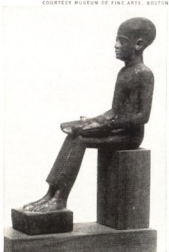
theory, were unconcerned with such practical work.

Hard-Hitting Ions. Mattox supplied just the right combination of theory and practicality to handle a problem that has grown as steadily as expanding modern technology. Nowadays, nearly every metal gets plated for one reason or another—for beauty, against corrosion, to guard against wear, or to reduce friction. But all too often the plating does not stick tightly enough. The substrate (the metal to be plated) covers itself with a film of adhering gas or oxide that cannot be cleaned away; the plating material is deposited on the film, not on the underlying metal, forming a weak bond that is easily broken.

After detailed study, Mattox decided that all present plating methods have the same weakness: as they are applied, the atoms of plating materials do not hit the substrate hard enough. Mattox gets around this difficulty by using a chamber filled with argon gas. Inside it the piece of metal to be plated is hooked up as the cathode (negative pole) of an electrical circuit. The plating material forms the anode (positive pole). When a high-voltage direct current is passed through the circuit, positive argon ions fly across the gap and smack the substrate so hard that they blast it clear of gas or oxide.

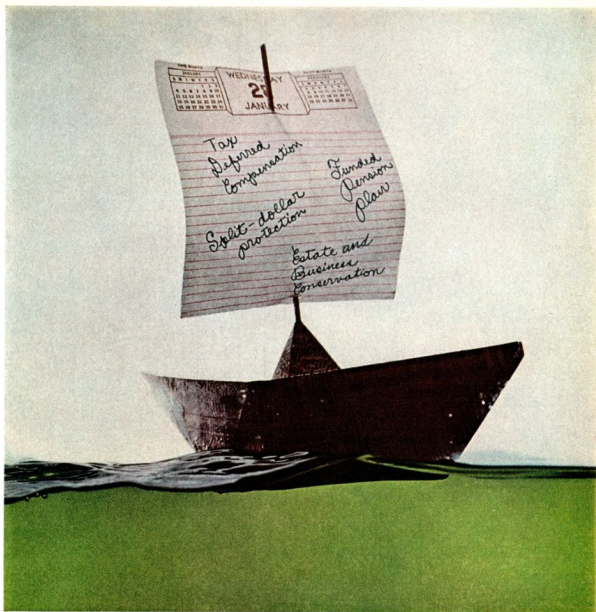
Dug-In Atoms. Since argon is an inert gas, its ions do not stick. But when Mattox heats the anode, the plating material begins to evaporate. Its own ions jump the gap and stick fast to the perfectly clean substrate. The coating that results adheres as strongly as if it were part of the underlying metal.

Mattox is sure that his method has a great future in space-age construction that calls for the coating of such exotic metals as molybdenum and uranium that other plating systems cannot handle. The Mattox method can even plate the brittle ceramic parts essential to giant modern missiles and miniaturized computers—giving them such stick-tight coatings that they can be handled like metal components and joined together by brazing or soldering.



IMHOTEP

A god long lost in sand.



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BETHLEHEM STEEL



THE THEATER

Kill & Make Up

Peterpat. In primordial days, man went forth from his cave to vie with *Tyrannosaurus rex*. Nowadays, he leaves his office cubicle to do battle with *Tyrannosaurus regina*—his wife. That is the sempiternal issue with which Enid Rudd has made her playwrighting debut in this wry, observant, warm and almost steadily amusing comedy.

Peter (Dick Shawn) and Pat (Joan Hackett) enter marriage with eight-ninths of a child, one-tenth of an income, and 999/1,000 of a conviction on Pat's part that she has enough love for the three of them. The infant is not seen but heard, and the squally *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* rasps on Peter's and Pat's sleep-starved nerves with the first

FRIEDMAN-ABELES



HACKETT & SHAWN IN "PETERPAT"
Also, infighting in bed.

intimacy that they are somewhere east of Eden.

Within a few years Peter strikes it rich with a videotape series called *Ben Bullet*. He takes to wearing one of those silk-sheen suits that look like beaten stainless steel. In his pocket is an off-stage mistress, but under his collar is prickly Pat.

The second and last act of *Peterpat* is a kill-and-make-up reconciliation scene. Under Joe Layton's fluid direction, it is a remarkably resourceful display of in-bed infighting. The sight gags are eruptively funny and the dialogue blends the flip quip with the rueful truth, as when Pat says to Peter apropos of his mistress: "Just think, if you had married her ten years ago, today you could be having an affair with me."

Dick Shawn and Joan Hackett are admirable foils. He paints the clown-husband character with broad vaudeville brush strokes. She is a comic pointilliste, and her precise inflections of wifeliness dot the brain like a quiver of hatpins. *Peterpat* sometimes gets enveloped in the vapors of farce, but one deep breath of comic wisdom animates it—marriage is as funny as hell.

Arthur Micheli, Dispatcher, Gerosa Haulage & Warehouse Corp., Bronx, N. Y.



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GEROSA The Bronx
Offices: Hauling, Rigging
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TIEPOLO'S "TIME ABDUCTING BEAUTY"
A pagan paragon.

PAINTING

Look Upward, Angels

Giovanni Battista Tiepolo wanted people to look up to his art. He painted his most famous work on ceilings. Venetian by birth and rococo by temperament, the 18th century master loved to loft dangling goddesses, altitudinous angels and rafters of neck-craving cherubs. His specialty, naturally, was clouds, and his best work adorns sundry ceilings from Madrid's royal palace to Würzburg's bishop's *Residenz*. Last week Tiepolo unexpectedly raised the roofs in London.

An enterprising and inquisitive art expert from Christie's auction house, David Carritt, 37, a protégé of the late Bernard Berenson, followed up a report that a French international banker, who owned a London town house around the turn of the century, had bought and installed five Tiepolos, which, he believes, once graced the Paris home of Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild. "I'm always looking for Tiepolos," says Carritt, who visited the house, owned since 1923 by Egypt and now the United Arab Republic's embassy. In a twinkling, Carritt called the overhead oils authentic, potentially worth \$700,000.

The central panel, "Time Abducting Beauty," is a paragon of Tiepolo's pagan allegories rich with Olympian overtones. Unquestionably it is the best Tiepolo in Britain, Carritt said, but despite popular demand, the public will not see it. At week's end U.A.R.'s President Gamal Abdel Nasser ordered his London embassy to have the Tiepolo paint-

ings dismantled and shipped to Cairo. Nasser's reported plan: to exhibit them in the Egyptian capital, then offer them for sale to the world's museums. Said a curator of Britain's National Gallery: "It's a nasty blow, but since they're diplomatically immune, I suppose all we can do is salute when they go by."

ANTIQUES

A Straighter Bourbon

To those who treasure taste, Louis is the label for some of the world's greatest antiques. France's Louis XVI lent his name to a revival of Greco-Roman décor. Louis XV ruled in a time when furniture makers shunned the straight line, and Louis XIV, the Sun King, is still a synonym for sumptuousness. Now antiques addicts are turning back to an even earlier Louis—the 13th—whose style furnished France when it was becoming the first great nation in Europe.

Louis XIII furniture is much like the King's rule: cosmopolitan, craftsmanlike and built for the ages. The second of the Bourbons, he ruled from 1610 to 1643 (a reign that roughly parallels England's Early Jacobean period), generated the power that elevated France into the splendor of the baroque. It was a period that saw both the dissolving of the *parlements* and the founding of the *Académie Française*.

Pulpit Bar. What the shrewd King and his crafty sage Cardinal Richelieu lived with has for years been tucked away in dark corners of French provincial manor houses. Tastemongers used to consider Louis XIII too ponderous by comparison to the more delicate, later Louisiana that most people are afraid to plump down on. But no longer, for a revival of Louis XIII antiques has tripled their prices in the past five years; they are now the freshest item on the French market. Scarce, perhaps, but a perfect Treize chair runs to \$2,000, compared with the \$5,500 that a great *Quinze* plotzer costs. Original gateleg tables cost little more than Swedish modern.

Louis XIII furniture is dark, heavy and austere, and as such has much in common with massive Spanish cabinetry, which is also coming back into vogue. Both mix well with the trim structural look of modern furnishings. Painter Pierre Soulages took a fancy to Louis XIII, and Manhattan Art Collector and Banker Robert Lehman uses it to accent his apartment. Dior's top designer, Marc Bohan, redecorated his apartment in the period. "I like things simple, austere even," he says. "It's my style. Also the soft, neutral colors of Louis Treize suit me." As different a type as Novelist James Jones also has decorated his Paris duplex with Louis XIII. "Yeah, I just like old medieval furniture," he says. He has turned a

real pulpit into a bar and a *prie-dieu* into a barstool. "I like big, heavy stuff," Jones says.

High Epoch. Louis XIII furniture was modern in its day; it marked the point when hand-carved Renaissance woodwork gave way to all the sensuous, symmetrical turnings that a cabinet-maker's lathe could serve up. Finials, banderoles, and swags of fruit and flowers appeared, to give essentially stiff, straight-backed woodwork an animate touch. Table and chair legs ceased to butt into the floor, instead rested on gentler bun feet, but H-form stretchers low to the floor held the frames rigidly intact. Furniture of walnut and ebony supplanted oak because these woods take on a finer finish, and it was more likely that brocaded damsels rather than ironclad knights would plounce into it.

The age of Louis XIII was an age yearning for gentility. Interiors with paneled walls, beetle-browed fireplace mantels and massively beamed ceilings still lacked the airiness of the Sun King's era. But historians call the earlier Louis' reign the "High Epoch," a period when Frenchmen culled ideas from the cultures of other European countries and refined them with their own innate good taste. Navigation had proved the world rounder and more compact than even Columbus thought. Rembrandt was mastering the play of light and shade, or *chiaroscuro*, as the baluster lathework of Louis XIII furniture tried to imitate. Louis XIII knew art lent dignity to the Crown. His style was spreading, iron hand in velvet glove with nationalism, while France pioneered the idea of the modern, absolute state. Something of this marriage of vigor and elegance remain the style's toughness to this day and the underlying reason for its appeal.



JAMES JONES'S PARIS APARTMENT
A yearning for gentility.

THE NEWEST REVIVAL: LOUIS XIII

LIBRARY in French manor house was restored to reflect provincial rig-
or of this style, exemplified by chairs
with bulbous, baluster-turned legs.



CONNAISSANCE DES ARTS—R. GUILLEMET

REFECTORY has austere ambi-
ence of pre-baroque France. Even
17th century globe on table has
trim lathework Louis XIII base.



D. PALOT



CONNAISSANCE DES ARTS—R. GUILLENOT

BEAMED CEILINGS and overbearing stone fireplaces characterize Louis XIII interiors. Polychrome madonna is an earlier antique, dates from 15th century.



CONNAISSANCE DES ARTS—R. BONNELLO

CANOPY BEDS were commonplace in drafty châteaux. So were bold fabrics, which are reminiscent of tapestries and one of the style's greatest extravagances.

NEWSPAPERS

The Promised Land

After hearing President Johnson's State of the Union address, the Louisville Courier-Journal had a noble vision. ANOTHER MOSES STARTS TOWARD A PROMISED LAND, went the headline above the Courier's editorial assessment of the President's message: "One is constrained to believe that the land indeed is promised, and the leader is worthy." In Chicago the Tribune was moved too—but in an opposite direction. "The secular savior is to take us over," said the Tribune, "and give us the bum's rush up the road to his conception of the Great Society." Between these two extremes, the editorials found ample room for disagreement. But whether they cheered Johnson's sweeping blueprint or worried about the blue-sky aspects of his plan, on one point the U.S. press seemed in complete agreement. The Scripps-Howard newspapers put that question succinctly: "Where is the money coming from?"

Revolution-by-Consent. Columnist Max Lerner, whose most recent book was called *The Age of Overkill*, used the occasion to go far beyond the immediate and practical problem of price. "The State of the Union address," said Lerner in the New York Post, "won our assent because we were wholly ripe for it—and Johnson had helped make us ripe. But it was full of worn and weary phrases. Its key concept of the Great Society has never been thought through, either by Johnson or—as far as we know—by anyone around him. Nothing in the speech, in word or idea, left a scar."

Today in Washington, Lerner said, there is a new kind of Congress, a new kind of President and an extraordinary Supreme Court. "Put the three old branches of the Federal Government together in their new forms and you get something that ought to be the most impressive revolution-by-consent in American history."

But can Johnson lead that revolution? Lerner was filled with doubt. "A revolution is a mood and a climate," he said. "It is against power abused and injustice encrusted . . . it is a sense of resistance overcome and triumph achieved; it is a heady madness of winning through. One feels that Johnson by his innermost nature is incapable of generating such a revolutionary climate and leading such a mood."

"Somehow (how in the world did it happen?) Johnson has been cast—perhaps has cast himself—in the role of the Great Prestidigitator, the Miracle Worker. Step up and watch him, Ladies and Gentlemen. See how nimble, see how quick. Watch the incredible performance of this master . . . And because it is a performance we watch, with fascination, with admiration, in the



COLUMNIST LERNER
Acceptance tinged with boredom.

end perhaps with acceptance tinged with boredom. Such a man can carry votes with him; he cannot lift our hearts nor stir our brain."

Need for a Nexus. "Certain things come—or look—easy for Johnson. These are the things he does well: the medicare bill, the program for new health centers, the formula for an education compromise. But there are other things that look—and are—hard for him. They are the things he is not yet good at. Usually they involve situations in global policy (and the Viet Nam case is only one, although the chief one), where getting a wide assent is not enough, and where the expanding wealth of our nation will not resolve the problem."

"Johnson's whole genius lies in accentuating the positive, eliminating the negative, latching on to the affirmative. But the power of positive thinking, while it seems to work on a welfare package for the nation, won't work in confronting the determined negative mass of Chinese power and the Grand Design of the Chinese leaders. At some crucial point Johnson will have to say Yes or No to a design of our own for world policy. To say, as he did, that every foreign policy problem carries its separate answer, is the sheerest and wrongest fragmenting of the overarching question of our time."

The trouble is, Lerner concluded, neither welfare programs nor specific State or Defense Department schemes add up to a Great Society. "Before you can get a society, great or small, you need more than a consensus. You need a nexus: something to tie the parts into a whole, something to cement the individual wills, something to stir the nation's pulse, not continually feel it."

Trustbusters in Tucson

Tucson's morning Arizona Daily Star (circ. 44,000) was up for sale and, at an asking price of \$8,000,000, it seemed a good buy. Profits were high and the paper owned valuable real estate besides. Prospective purchasers ranged from Robert White, co-publisher of the prosperous Mexico (Mo.) Ledger, to Minneapolis Star & Tribune President John Cowles. But the out-of-towners never made it. The afternoon Tucson Daily Citizen (circ. 45,000) beat them to the draw by anteing up \$10 million for the Star because of "a desire to see this strong, outspoken newspaper remain a vital force in Tucson, rather than become just another link in a chain."

Echoed Arguments. Though the Citizen's owners said their offer was inspired by local loyalty, the Justice Department thought differently. Last week trustbusters descended on Tucson, charged that the Citizen-Star deal was illegal on the ground that it violated both the Clayton and Sherman anti-trust acts. Justice Department arguments echoed those used last June against the Scripps-Howard chain. In that suit, the Government charged that chain ownership of both the morning Enquirer and evening Post & Times-Star in Cincinnati constituted a monopoly, even though the two papers had separate plants, staffs and editorial policies, an arrangement that Scripps-Howard deliberately nourished to discourage a federal suit.

The Citizen-Star marriage brokers had also been cautious. They spelled out sale terms designed to keep the Democratic Star's policies as different from the Republican Citizen's as possible. Editorial authority at the Star "for the next ten years" went to longtime Editor and Publisher William Rankin Mathews, a crusading newspaperman best known for his 1953 exposé of an Arizona real estate swindle. The arrangement apparently convinced U.S. District Court Judge James Walsh, who denied the Government's plea for an order restraining the sale.

Shared Plant. But the Government refused to give up. It brought suit, not to block the merger but to undo it. And strangely, the heart of the trustbusters' argument was not so much the present merger but a 24-year-old agreement between the two papers to share a printing plant and an advertising staff—a clear violation, the Government claimed, of the restraint-of-trade and antimonopoly sections of the Sherman Act.

The outcome of the suit is certain to be watched in dozens of other publishing offices across the country, for one-owner newspaper towns are now the rule rather than the exception in the U.S. And in such cities as Nashville, El Paso, Tulsa and Salt Lake City, joint ventures almost identical to Tucson's have been thriving for years.

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Oz Bowl Game

Parents are again preparing for the occasion. It will occur this coming Sunday for the seventh straight year, and the children, with a special restlessness, will collect around the television set in much the way that their fathers do for the professional football championships. The children know the names and styles of the players they are going to see, for the program has become a modern institution and a red-letter event in the calendar of childhood. It

DAVID GARD



WITCH HAMILTON
Persistently undead.

is the Oz Bowl game, CBS's annual telecast of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The Wizard of Oz*.

From the dance of the rusty robot to Ray Bolger's tumbling scarecrow and Bert Lahr's campy lion, the children will greet most of it with a knowing and unexcited air. When Judy Garland sang *Over the Rainbow* last year, a three-year-old female sophisticate said: "She always wears her hair in braids, you know." But Judy's Dorothy, as a matter of surprising fact, is not the uppermost character in the children's minds any more. To them, she is just another frosted cornflake.

Melting Memory. Before the broadcast, the children talk most of all about the Wicked Witch of the West—and when they do, they quiver. "I'm scared of the witch," said a five-year-old girl. By the time the hideous chick with the black eyebrows and the scimitar nose appears on the screen, three-year-olds will whiny, "Mommy, I'm scared," while barely articulate one-year-olds chant "Scared! Scared!"

To be fair to them, *The Wizard of Oz* really is a horror story, with this grackle-voiced, green-skinned, chin-warted apparition hurling fire from rooftops, skywriting ominously with a flaming broom, or saying: "Now, my beauties, something with poison in it. Heh! Heh! Heh!" Hearing that, one child remembered hopefully, if a bit inaccurately, that "last year Dorothy and

the Wizard poured hot water on her and she melted." The Wicked Witch will melt again this year, but not from the children's memory. Into bed they will crawl singing "Ding, dong, the Witch is dead," only to stop the melody and ask: "Is she really dead?"

Den Mother. Ding, dong, she isn't, indeed. She lives at 34 Gramercy Park in Manhattan. Mothers sometimes take their children to call on her so that she—Actress Margaret Hamilton, now 62—can pacify their inchoate neuroses and assure them that she is not incarnate evil after all. She made *Oz* when she was 36, and worked in Hollywood for years afterward as everybody's "cantankerous cook or acidulous aunt," in her words, "with a corset of steel and a heart of gold." Today she does character parts in the theater and on TV. Before the election, she made several appearances on NBC's *That Was the Week That Was*, impersonating formidable Republican ladies and the like.

Before she started acting years ago, the broomless Miss Hamilton was a kindergarten teacher in Cleveland. Inspired by seeing Gertrude Lawrence, she gave up teaching and joined the Cleveland Playhouse rep company, where she was soon stirring away as the First Witch in *Macbeth*. That typed her, but dramatic witchcraft could not change her basic character. She not only went on to become the hag of the half-century, she also became a member of the Beverly Hills Board of Education, and a Cub Scout den mother. Now we will be able to shut off those lights, won't we?

BROADWAY

A Tale Within a Tail

Edward Albee's new play, *Tiny Alice*, is the most controversial dramatic puzzle to arrive on Broadway since *The Cocktail Party*. Over lunches and dinners, from Keen's English Chop House to the Forum of the Twelve Expense Accounts, the table talk of the town is Albee's darkling play about a rich and erotic woman who corrupts a pietistic and virginal man of the church (John Gielgud), seduces him into marrying her, then abandons him on their marriage night, but not before she causes him to be pistol-murdered by one of three confidants, including his superior, a cardinal of Rome.

Everyone is trying to guess what Albee's *Tiny Alice* (TIME, Jan. 8) is about, since for the most part the daily critics offered little help. "In such a play," wrote Walter Kerr in the New York Herald Tribune, "it is easy for both author and audience to get lost." "Mr. Albee has virtually ordered the critics not to give away his play's surprise, and my aim is to be obedient," said Howard Taubman in the Times, sug-

gesting his own utter bafflement. "It is difficult to set down with any show of confidence exactly what he is telling us," said Richard Watts in the Daily Post. "Search me," said John Chapman in the Daily News. "In Tullulah Bankhead's famed critical phrase, there may be less to this than meets the eye."

All About Grumpy. All of which has not unduly saddened Albee. "I'd rather have people talk about what it's about than have nothing to discuss at all," he says. "This play is not perfect. All plays have flaws. But I don't think it is obscure. Brother Julian [Gielgud] is in the same position as the audience. He's the innocent. If you see things through his eyes, you won't have any trouble at all." But the playwright confesses: "There are some things in the play that are not clear to me."

For many, untangling the narrative symbolism of Albee's quasi-religious exercise had become a game that might be called "Guess the Source." There is a butler in it, for example, named Butler. Ah, so. When Marilyn Monroe was a starlet, she had a bit part in *All About Eve*. At a party in the film she called out, "Oh, waiter!", and George Sanders, at her elbow, said to her, "That isn't a waiter, my dear. That's a butler." "Well," said Marilyn, "I can't yell 'Oh, butler,' can I? Maybe somebody's name is Butler."

When the audience first sees Irene Worth as Alice, the play's only woman, she is pretending to be an old hag, wearing a mask and leaning on a couple of canes. "How do you do?" says Gielgud to her. "How do I do what?" she says. That bit of dialogue was exchanged between Snow White and Grumpy in Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Ah, so, heigh-ho. Gielgud is Snow White, and sensual Alice is Grumpy. But isn't she really the Virgin Mary? Doesn't she wear the Madonna's blue and hold him in the precise attitude of the Pietà as he dies? So he must be Grumpy then, and Grumpy must be Christ. Which Walt Disney never even suspected.

Is Stan the Man? The play is full of little homosexual allusions and games. On a broader scale, is Lay Brother Julian acting out a homosexual nightmare as he unmasks and disrobes the mother, overcomes his martyr's fan-

KULVER PICTURES



ALICE & MOUSE
Allegories in Albeeland.

TIME, JANUARY 15, 1965



W

e'll doubtless feel competitive again, by February—
But right now we're moved to say, A Happy New Year . . . very:

To the folks at Travelers we send a happy shout,
And hope the winds of '65 won't turn it inside out.

For the Hartford people, before the year is over,
We wish you greener pastures, so the stag can live in clover.

For the year of '65 we've gone all sentimental:
Here then is a cheer then, for good old Continental.

And, have the best of years (but keep it confidential)
We say to all our rock-like friends at sturdy old Prudential.

And here's a friendly greeting that we trust you *can't* knock:
May you have a happy one, John (and Mrs.?) Hancock.

Blessings on you, fellows (and what a greeting this is!)
For you—all there at Aetna—our corporate love and kisses.

And to one and all of you, in this most gladsome time—
If your name's not listed here . . . it simply didn't rhyme.

Now lastly but not leastly, to that staunch and sturdy crew,
The Independent Agents . . . our very best to you.

Happy 1965.

Help! Would you mind saying *The St. Paul* out loud a couple of times, so as to help you remember it? Say it out loud, too, when you want insurance . . . casualty, property, life. (Look for our agents in the Yellow Pages.) We didn't advertise for about a century, so some call us the World's Quietest Insurance Company. We're trying to remedy that situation. If you'll say our name out loud it will help.

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9

tases and finally forsakes chastity only to have his mother abandon him and his father forsake him? Or is Julian meant to be Julian the Apostate? Is the wedding toast an allusion to the wedding at Cana? Is the cardinal really Stan Musial? Or is the major clue a large, onstage model of the castle in which most of the play occurs, a world within a world?

In this model castle, there is a real mouse. In the dialogue, the mouse is alluded to as a kind of deity that does not exist but is "all that can be worshipped." In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, Alice and a mouse go swimming together. Alice, who is getting "quite tired of being such a tiny little thing," respects the mouse for his apparent authority. In dialogue, the mouse's personal tale is printed in the shape of his tail, as the mouse recites what is to a considerable degree the plot of *Tiny Alice*:

"We must have
the trial;
For really
this morn-
ing I've
nothing
to do."
Said the
mouse to
the cur,
"Such a
trial, dear
sir, With
no jury
or judge,
would
be wast-
ing our
breath."
"I'll be
judge,"
I'll be
jury,"
said
cunning
old
Pury:
"I'll
try
the
whole
case, and
con-
demn
you to
death."

But that's not the whole clue, either.

ON LOCATION

The Bible as Living Technicolor

"This is the world's greatest picture from the world's greatest book," says the reigning flack, as he watches 3,500 body-tanned extras toiling with baskets of plastic bricks up the staircases and setbacks of the Tower of Babel on the set south of Rome. "Here," says the associate producer, "you have the first love story, the first sin, the first murder, the first boat and the first skyscraper." "All these fantastic stories," marvels the prime mover of all, Italian Producer Dino De Laurentiis, "it would be incredible if it weren't the Bible."

It is the Bible, and all the more incredible for being so. When De Laurentiis first embarked on his epic, he envisioned a ten-hour film, costing \$25

million and depicting nearly all the still waters and flaming furnaces, from Creation to Gethsemane. When he actually started shooting the picture in Rome last May, he had boiled it down to a mere three-hour, \$15 million Technicolor frieze of episodes from Genesis 1-22, with Christopher Fry writing the script and a cast of a dozen stars, including Ava Gardner, as the Mother of the Jews, and John Huston, who plays Noah and also directs the film.

Floating Zoo. Last week Huston was functioning furiously in both guises. As Noah, with a full grey beard and wearing a coarse beige tunic, he was striding up and down the gangplank of the \$300,000 ark made of roughhewn logs. As director, he moved inside the 200-ft.-long, 60-ft.-high ark—one of five to be used in the film—to supervise 200 animals that had been brought down over the Alps from Althoff's Circus and were undergoing their first try at bedding down.

The din below decks was strident. Two honey bears started fighting and stampeded the camels, tethered opposite the elephants, Noah's son Japheth, played by one of Althoff's animal trainers, was using baby talk to soothe a pair of lions and Siberian tigers in their glassed-in cages. Elsewhere in the hold, zebras nipped, sheep bleated, yaks grunted and Watusi bulls bellowed. But the real test is yet to come. This week the whole zoo, accompanied by some 1,000 birds, will make its way up the gangplank, two by two. "My God," groaned Huston, "how the hell did Noah do it?"

Two Eves. Adam talks hip, and can only be photographed from one side because of his coinlike vaccination mark. Eve was originally a languorous Italian brunette, but De Laurentiis promoted an international newspaper straw vote to find out whether the world thought of Eve as blonde or dark, and a few thousand Western Europeans in effect declared that they could not see how the mother of mankind could have come from any place east of Sweden. Eve is now a Swedish girl named Ulla Bergrud who has been accustomed to stalking about in thin tresses while *paparazzi* keep leaping out of the foliage to take her picture. Huston has decided that there will be no fig leaves after the Fall. He said he tried aprons of fig leaves but "they looked too much like G strings." Instead, Adam and Eve will clutch whole branches of vine leaves to hide their nakedness.

"The picture won't be like DeMille's," says one of De Laurentiis' assistants. "DeMille would take the 40 years of Moses' life not covered by the Bible and he would create a motion picture story. We have tried faithfully to reproduce and annotate the text of the Bible." Christopher Fry apparently was not told this because, although the Bible gives no hint what instrument Cain used in killing Abel, the Fry Bible does. In showing the world's first fratricide, Fry

has the psychotically jealous Cain pick up an ass's jawbone—*st. st.* Samson, an ass's jawbone—and bash Abel. The jawbone was custom-built out of hard rubber. Cain missed Abel's upper cranium the first time he used it, and the scene had to be interrupted for nearly a week until the black and blue patch subsided.

Efficient Cost. Special-effects men are having their finest hour. The top of the Tower of Babel was shot in Egypt, where 4,000 sun-baked Egyptians were hired to play Babylonian extras. One day only 1,500 arrived for work, so armadas of taxicabs had to be sent out through the streets of Cairo to pick up anything that moved on two feet. The bottom of Babel's tower was shot near Rome, where one genius in the makeup department ran around with cans of something called Clean Fly, which he sprayed on pale Italians to turn them brickbrown; these secret ingredients have worked—except when

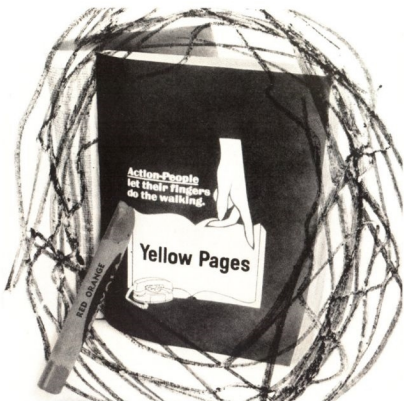


ROME'S PLASTIC BABEL
No fig leaves, said Noah.

January winds sweep down from the north; then the extras have been registering blue.

One of the smaller arks has been moored just below a tributary of the Tiber; soon the gates will be open and the deluge will result. Sodom has been built out of charred plastic and spreads over 25 acres of Mount Etna. Katherine Dunham and her dancers were called in to provide the sin. Huston filmed Sodom dimly lit, and shield clear of the debauches of DeMille's epics. "There's no obscenity," says Huston, "but you will know unspeakable things are going on."

With only three more scenes and three more months of shooting left to go, the company is already boasting. "This is the most costly, efficiently made picture in history."



Do not color this book

(The pages are already colored yellow.)

Instead, just read the pages for
Hobby Materials, Sporting Goods,
Art Supplies.

Just let your fingers do the
walking.

Action-People do.



AUTO RACING

With Girdle & Glue

People were beginning to whisper about Scotland's Jimmy Clark, 28. Two years ago he was the world's No. 1 race-car driver—the Grand Prix champion, winner of a record seven races. In 1964, it looked like the same story all over again when Clark won three out of the first five Grand Prix races. Then everything went wrong.

A broken valve cost him the German Grand Prix. A shaft snapped in Austria, a tire blew in the Indy 500, an oil line burst in the Mexican Grand Prix after Clark had led for 64 of the 65 laps. Britain's John Surtees won the 1964 Grand Prix championship; Clark finished third. To top it off, he got into a friendly snowball fight in the Italian Alps last month, twisted his back, and wound up with a slipped disc. The experts wondered: Was Clark washed up?

Cracking a Ton. They got their answer. Strapping himself into a surgical corset, Jimmy slid gingerly into the cockpit of his rear-engined Lotus and roared around South Africa's East London race track at 100.10 m.p.h.—the first time anybody had "cracked a ton" (topped 100 m.p.h.) on the tricky, twisting track.

A time trial and a race are two different things. The 210-mile South African Grand Prix was the first big race of the 1965 season; 50,000 fans turned out to watch, and everybody who was anybody was there—Champion Surtees in his Ferrari; Britain's Graham Hill, the 1962 winner, in his B.R.M.; Jack Brabham, 1959 and 1960 champion, in his own Brabham-Climax. But Clark's practice lap had won him the pole position, and the starter's flag barely fluttered before he shot into the lead. By the 13th lap, he was already lapping

stragglers. Twice, he shattered the official track record, and on the 84th lap, he zipped around the 2.4-mile course in 1 min. 27.4 sec. to break it a third time—clocking 100.33 m.p.h. Smiled Lotus Designer Colin Chapman: "He must have an itch in his corset."

Checking the Checker. Across the finish line he sped, slowing almost to a stop when an official gave him the checkered flag of victory. In the pits, Chapman screamed and waved a sign with a big number 1 on it. The official had goofed: Clark still had a lap to go, and Surtees was closing in. Furious, Jimmy stomped down the throttle; the Lotus snarled around the track, once more, coasted into the pits—the winner by a comfortable 31 sec. "Imagine," sighed an awed South African fan, "what Clark could do if he were feeling fit."

With his Lotus finally functioning perfectly and nine points chalked up toward the 1965 Grand Prix championship, Clark quickly forgot the pain in his back. "It feels good to be back on top again," he beamed. Come June, factory mechanics will replace his Lotus' 195-h.p. V-8 Climax engine with a hush-hush 16-cylinder job that is supposed to have something of the same effect as gluing two of the old engines together. "Nothing much to it," shrugged a Lotus engineer. "We are simply picking up a bit more power, that's all."

PRO FOOTBALL

The Collectors

Some people collect rare stamps or coins. Ian Fleming's Goldfinger preferred bullion bars at \$14,000 per. But nobody tops Sonny Werblin, president of the American Football League's New York Jets. Werblin collects quarterbacks. He had three last season, and they cost him \$48,000. Now he has six. He picked up Virginia Tech's Bob Schweickert for a song, but he had to shell out \$200,000 for Notre Dame's Heisman Trophy winner, John Huarte. And to land Alabama's Joe Namath, he went all the way to \$400,000—the highest price ever paid for a rookie in the history of pro football.

Pink? No, Green. Exclusive of benefits, of course. Like the retirement plan that guarantees Namath \$5,000 a year for life after his playing career ends—if it ever begins. Namath has a bad knee; he re-injured it practicing for the Orange Bowl, and it will take an operation to correct it. Werblin is springing for that too. And just to make sure Joe can transport all that money to the bank, Sonny threw in a Lincoln Continental. Reporters naturally inquired about the color. "Pink?" they asked. Uh, uh. "Jet green," said Namath smartly, and went charging on down to Mobile for the Senior Bowl game. He was slightly less than sensational—passing for one TD but three interceptions as



QUARTERBACK NAMATH
A Lincoln for the loot.

the North and South played to a 7-7 tie.

The way the pros are throwing the loot around this year, Santa Claus will have to fight to keep his franchise. "There aren't 40 players in college ball worth fighting over," insisted one pro scout, but Florida State End Fred Biletnikoff priced nearly enough (\$150,000) out of the Oakland Raiders to rent his school's football stadium to get married in. Sometimes the green left grass stains. Georgia Tackle Jim Wilson signed an \$8,000 contract with the A.F.L.'s Boston Patriots last August, another for \$75,000 with the N.F.L.'s San Francisco 49ers last month. In between he somehow forgot to tell his coach that he was a pro and played a full season of college ball.

Rebels in the Ranks. Then there were the four Oklahoma players who signed pro contracts before the Jan. 2 Gator Bowl game. That made them ineligible for the game; Coach Gomer Jones cut them from the squad, and the Sooners got clobbered 36-19. "I was always nice to the pros," said Jones, "but I assure you that those guys will never get on my practice field again."

The pro bosses laughed that one off. After all, Oklahoma's own reputation is not exactly lily-white: Oklahoma was twice put on probation by the N.C.A.A. for maintaining a "slush fund" for athletes. But there were hints of a rebellion brewing in the ranks. San Francisco's John Brodie insisted that "any regular is silly if he doesn't demand more than some rookie behind him is getting." Quarterback Frank Ryan, who led the Cleveland Browns to the N.F.L. title, was already bucking for a raise—"about \$980,000." Said Ryan: "If a fellow who hasn't even pulled on his cleats in pro ball is worth \$400,000, then I must be worth a million."



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"I like
new things."



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U.S. BUSINESS

MONEY

The Gold War

Charles de Gaulle, who has long since learned how to use economics as a political weapon, last week hit the U.S. where it hurt: right in its gold reserves. In so doing, he sent shock waves throughout the international monetary system, of which the U.S. is the mainstay, and revived doubts about the system's basic strength and resiliency.

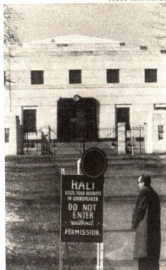
The French Ministry of Finance revealed that, following De Gaulle's order, France will convert at least \$300 million of its \$1.3 billion hoard of dollars into gold—in addition to the \$400 million to \$500 million it routinely cashes in each year. De Gaulle thereby served notice that he intended not only to cause mischief for the American economic colossus, but to test the money system in its global entirety. The move was important not so much for its size as for the furor it caused and the specter it roused of what would happen if other dollar holders decided to imitate France.

Firm Stand. The French action sent speculators off on a gold-buying binge, upset markets and confidence around the world. The price of gold on the London exchange soared to \$35.20 an ounce, the highest since the Cuban missile crisis. As gold rose, the value of paper money decreased. The dollar declined on markets in Germany and Switzerland, and Britain's beleaguered pound fell fractionally. This week the Bank of France was expected to move to ease tension on the gold markets—

but that would not alter the long-term French determination to put pressure on the U.S.

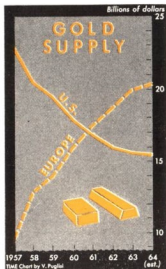
To calm fears about the dollar's stability, President Johnson hastened plans to reduce the amount of gold that the U.S. must legally hold to back its dollars, thus making more gold available for international dealings. The Treasury later confirmed that Congress will be asked to approve the change, issued an unusual public statement that tried to allay fears about the dollar.

"Any speculation against the basic price of gold," warned the Treasury, "would inevitably end on the losing side." A change in the gold-backing law, it said, "will be appropriate in order both to assure the availability of credit



FORT KNOX

A mischievous job in the underbelly.



in a growing domestic economy and to relieve any doubt that the United States gold supply stands firmly behind the dollar in international markets at the immutable price of \$35." In short, the U.S. has no intention of devaluing the dollar.

Strongest Weapon. Though France has a huge and rising deficit in trade with the U.S., it still rakes in plenty of nontrade dollars with which to do battle. Every year in France, U.S. military forces spend \$200 million, U.S. tourists leave behind \$300 million and U.S. businessmen invest well over \$1 billion. After subtracting for its imports from the U.S., France runs up an annual dollar surplus of \$700 million, for which it can demand U.S. gold. Says Yale Economist Robert Triffin, one of the world's top gold authorities: "One of the two strongest bargaining weapons that France has to use against the U.S. is its dollar reserve—and the other is its atomic threat."

France's right to convert its dollars

is, of course, incontrovertible. The French keep relatively less gold on hand than many other countries; they aim to keep it at 76% of reserves, but that is now down to 73%. Britain, Switzerland and Belgium keep 90% of their reserves in gold, only 10% in dollars and other currencies. On the other hand, the U.S. has persuaded West Germany to hold only 55% in gold and Japan only 15%—leading French officials to sniff that "dollars are for defeated countries." Last week's decision to cash in that extra \$300 million—which may only be a starter—will raise the total of U.S. gold flow to France this year to at least \$700 million.

It was the timing of De Gaulle's thrust that upset global money markets and affronted the U.S. Coming just when rumors abounded that Britain might have to devalue the pound because its reserves are so low—and that the U.S. would then inevitably have to devalue the dollar to remain competitive on world markets—the French action seemed to be an attempt to bother both currencies. De Gaulle clearly felt that by throwing his weight into world money markets, he could increase the franc's value against dollars and sterling, dramatize the shortcomings of the international monetary system, which France has long criticized, and show the U.S. that it will have to cut farther into its gold supply to finance the continuing takeovers of French firms by U.S. companies.

Genuine Scare. A few weeks ago, De Gaulle instructed Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to strike the U.S. on its soft, golden underbelly. Giscard undertook the task with some pleasure: he was still smarting from his rebuff by U.S. and British money men at last fall's meeting of the International Monetary Fund in Tokyo, where he tried to get the IMF to adopt a new



GISCARD D'ESTAING

A billion dollars in the wallet.

international currency based on gold that would favor the French. During last month's British money crisis he also got a genuine scare that both the pound and the dollar might be devalued, leaving France holding a billion-dollar bag of cheap currency.

In launching his latest economic offensive, De Gaulle at first wanted to change as many dollars as possible into gold. Some influential supporters egged him on, and he was likely influenced by the ideas of French Economist Jacques Rueff, who has long lobbied for a worldwide return to the gold standard, and of Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, who can always use another weapon to supplement France's increasingly independent foreign policy. But more moderate minds persuaded De Gaulle against such drastic action, and what started out as a reported \$1 billion conversion, in rumors leaked to the press by the foreign ministry, wound up as a \$300 million operation—with perhaps more to come.

That would by no means amount to a Goldfinger kind of raid on Fort Knox, where the bulk of U.S. gold is held. Still, the U.S. holds 36% of the world's gold supply, and France's move was bound to cause trouble just when the U.S. could ill afford it. The U.S. is committed by law to back its money with a 25% gold "cover." In the past year, the cover has dropped from 29.7% to 27.7%, largely because the Federal Reserve issued so much new money to service the expanding economy while the nation's gold supply has remained static. This year the outflow of U.S. gold to foreign countries is expected to reach its highest level since 1960, and the gold cover will slip perilously close to the 25% floor.

Little Choice. De Gaulle's power play left the U.S. little choice. Because the U.S. is dead set against devaluation, revision of the cover law has long been urged by the Treasury and some top U.S. bankers. Now the Administration hopes to get Congress to keep the 25% cover on the \$35 billion worth of green dollars in circulation, but remove it from the \$20 billion in deposits in the Federal Reserve system. That would free \$5 billion in gold for the U.S. to meet any claims against the dollar.

The fact that the U.S. is forced to proceed with this plan in an atmosphere of crisis does not help to increase world confidence in the dollar—even though many Britons consider the 25% cover requirement nonsensical. Nor does it raise confidence in the efficiency and fairness of the world money system. Despite its \$7 billion trade surplus, the U.S. has to worry about an outflow of gold under the current rules simply because it spends so much abroad for tourism, investment, foreign aid and the common defense of the western world. More and more money experts have begun to complain that any system that penalizes such beneficial spending is in need of overhaul.

GOVERNMENT

The Wiggle Watchers

Few organizations in Washington sit atop a hotter spot these days than the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The Council, whose prestige soared in Chairman Walter Heller's last months as a result of the tax cut's success, has a new chairman—Gardner Ackley—and two relatively new members who have yet to prove themselves in their posts. As the President's first

Ackley: "The President has learned we can do things no one else can do. He likes the idea of having a group that has no ax to grind."

Following Heller is no easy job, but Ackley, 49, has taken it in stride. A former University of Michigan professor who had served on the Council since 1962 before becoming chairman last November, he is a calm and retiring team man and a skillful administrator. Ackley now talks with the President at least three times daily.



ECONOMIC ADVISERS ACKLEY, ECKSTEIN & OKUN

Doing things no one else can do.

line of economic advice, the Council will bear heavy responsibility in the coming months for deciding what methods to adopt to keep the economy moving upward.

President Johnson has also handed the Council the task of preparing what will surely be one of the year's most controversial studies: a report on steel price increases and their effect on inflation. Aware that the report, no matter what its conclusions, is bound to displease either business or labor, the Chief Executive shrewdly handed it to the CEA rather than have it prepared by his personal staff. He will thus be able to keep himself somewhat apart from its conclusions, using them as he sees fit.

Between Indians & Monuments. Nonetheless, the assignment illustrates Johnson's growing reliance on Ackley and his colleagues. With a professional staff of only 16, the three-man Council ranks (as Heller liked to say) somewhere between the Indian Claims Commission and the American Battle Monuments Commission, and has a budget of only \$645,000; yet it exerts power and influence far beyond its size. Last week the Council's members worked late into each night helping to prepare the budget and the President's annual economic message to Congress. Ranging from high policy to day-to-day chores, the CEA keeps the President informed on the latest wiggles on the economic charts, makes recommendations for major economic moves, and provides a large part of the statistics that the President loves to release. Says

sends him a daily stream of communications, meets regularly with Cabinet members. He has been helping to cull the 15 presidential task-force reports for legislative recommendations, also serves with Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon and Budget Director Kermit Gordon on the troika that advises Johnson on fiscal policy.

New Gadfly. Ackley is backed up by two bright young economists: German-born Otto Eckstein, 37, and Arthur Okun, 34. Eckstein came to the Council last September from Harvard, where he was editor of the prestigious *Review of Economics and Statistics*. He will be the CEA's gadfly, probing new ways to bring economic policy to bear on such old problems as unemployment and the balance of payments deficit. Okun, a former Yale economist, is a tall, professorial type who before his appointment last November was best known for his pioneering explanation of the gaps between actual and potential gross national product. Called "Okun's law," it will be a major tool for the Administration in deciding how much of an excise tax cut will be needed to give the economy a lift.

The Council is well qualified to report on the steel industry, where recent price increases have spread until they cover 16% of total shipments. In Eckstein it has one of the nation's top analysts of the industry; it was his study for Congress in 1959 that produced the startling estimate that the 110% hike in steel prices between 1947 and 1957 accounted for roughly 40% of the en-



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THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

*On the screen, Metro Goldwyn Mayer presents "Quick! Before it Melts" starring George Maharis, Robert Morse, introducing Anjanette Comer in Panavision and Metro Color. Films by Infelight Motion Pictures, Inc. Copyright 1965, United Air Lines, Inc.

tire rise in U.S. industrial prices in that decade. The Council, which makes a specialty of keeping a close watch on steel, has already guided Johnson in his repeated warnings against steel price hikes, basing its advice on steel's rising earnings, increasing productivity, stable raw-material costs and considerable savings from the Government's depreciation reforms. How the three economic advisers handle their newest steel assignment will in large part shape the Council's standing and future influence in Washington.

BANKING

A Time to Borrow

The U.S. has more cash lying around than at any time in years. Consumers not only are spending more, but saving more. Corporations are pulling in record earnings, and keeping much of it in their coffers. Even the Government, while setting spending records, has more money than usual in the till.

One result of all this is that money is piling up in banks, insurance companies, pension funds and savings and loan associations to an extent that gives them trouble putting funds to work both safely and profitably. Last week the U.S. Treasury took advantage of this situation to stretch out the national debt. It offered holders of \$33 billion of federal bonds a chance to exchange them ahead of time for new bonds with much longer maturity dates and much higher interest rates. At week's end, indications were that more than \$26 billion worth would be swapped.

Competitive Edge. Savers are also seizing the chance to get better terms. Since the Federal Reserve Board boosted the limit that banks can pay for savings and time deposits in November, about half of the nation's 14,000 banks, including all major banks in New York City, have lifted their savings rates from 3½ to 4%. At this level, banks are not only generally competitive with the recent performance of the stock market but also with their traditional rivals, the savings and loan associations.

The bulge in cash savings began as small investors stayed out of the stock market after the 1962 break, but savings have picked up speed since last year's income-tax cut. In the first nine months of 1964, Americans saved 7.3% of their disposable income v. 6.7% in the same period a year earlier. U.S. families, calculates the Home Loan Bank Board, have now accumulated an average \$7,800 in savings, \$2,000 more than in 1960 and nearly double the 1950 level. Barring an outbreak of inflation, most money analysts expect the trend to continue.

The biggest reason that institutions are so stuffed with money to lend is a dwindling demand for mortgage loans on new housing, which soak up more money every year than any other form of investment. Mortgage costs are falling too. New home mortgages in November carried an average interest of

5.75% v. 5.82% a year earlier. While banks can and will switch part of the new flood of savings into other kinds of loans—some of them riskier than usual—S. & L.s. are far more locked into the mortgage field. Says Eugene M. Mortlock, president of Manhattan's First Federal Savings & Loan: "We can't invest any more money than we have now."

Defying Gravity. As long as housing fails to gain, this year should be an easy one in which to borrow mortgage and other long-term money. Though inventory buying in fear of a May 1 steel strike is increasing demand for commercial and other under-a-year loans, most bankers see little chance that short-term rates will rise any time soon. But a coming squeeze on bank profits could easily lead bankers to tighten up later in the year. After all, no one can indefinitely defy the economic laws of gravity by paying more for money and lending it for less.

OWEN JOHNSON



FLOYD HALL
Bypassing tobacco road.

AVIATION

The New Eastern

Plagued by stodgy management, increasingly rough competition on its once lucrative routes, and customer complaints about older planes and screwy schedules, Eastern Air Lines has steadily lost money in recent years. But under President Floyd D. Hall, 48, who moved over from TWA a year ago, Eastern is showing signs of recovery. Last week it announced that it reduced its eleven-month deficit in 1964 to \$6,700,000, from 1963's eleven-month loss of \$16.5 million. It also got a jet-powered assist from the Civil Aeronautic Board, which approved the line's proposal to increase all fares that now cost less than \$50, cut those that cost more than \$50. Since Eastern has a heavy schedule of short-haul flights, the new rates should bring it at least \$6,500,000 more in profits a year.

SAC-Like Control. Seven months ago, Hall launched "Operation Boot-

strap," a program to halt losses and retrieve passengers. He switched maintenance to nighttime, when most jets are down anyway, and established a SAC-like control center in Miami to anticipate trouble and try to correct it. He also offered incentives for increased passenger loadings, set quotas for on-time arrivals (Eastern had been tenth among trunk lines, with 33% of its planes late). "Bootstrap" achieved its limited goals, and now Hall has replaced it with "Operation Breakthrough." Its ambitious goal: \$14.5 million in profits this year.

With 40 Boeing medium-range "Whisperjets" in service or on the way, Eastern has ordered another ten. The airline has applied to the CAB for permission to drop service to a dozen small cities—"tobacco-road stops" it unflatteringly calls them. In a joint move that has been temporarily blocked by court action, Eastern and National have offered \$15 million to Northeast if the smaller line will withdraw its appeal of a CAB order removing it from the lucrative Florida run, where the three airlines have been battling one another for years for tourists.

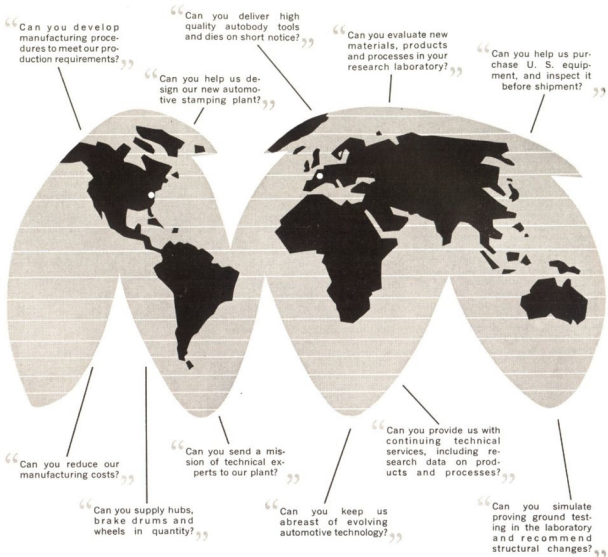
Two-Tone Blue. Floyd Hall's ship has a long climb upward before a permanent breakthrough is certain. Eastern is still inadequately equipped with jets and owes a staggering \$253 million in purchase loans on those it has. Even so, Hall is so pleased with the line's improving image that he has increased advertising budgets 40% to publicize "the new Eastern" and is repainting Eastern's planes a bright, two-tone "Caribbean blue" and "stratosphere blue" to signal the change.

Jets for the Short Haul

At a signal from outgoing Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges in Washington, the giant doors of the Douglas assembly hangar in Long Beach, Calif., opened this week and out rolled the first U.S. entry in a rising competition among international planemakers. The competition is a struggle to win the huge potential market for short-to medium-range jets for the world's airlines. The U.S. plane is the DC-9, a trim, red-white-and-blue craft that Douglas has rushed out a month ahead of schedule. And just in time, too: the British twin-jet BAC One-Eleven has been flying away from the orders.

Among other U.S. firms not wanting to be left on the ground, Boeing is rounding up customers for its own short-range jet, the twin-engined 737, which is expected to be cleared for production within a month. North American Aviation is studying designs for its Centuryliner, a slightly smaller entry in the field. Abroad, The Netherlands is preparing to enter the race by designing a Fokker F-28 Fellowship, and France already has four Nord 262 turboprops in the air and has orders for seven Super-Caravelles, which are only months away from delivery date.

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DOUGLAS DC-9
Chasing the new.

ish, who almost won by default. Not since 1953, when the British introduced the Viscount turboprop, have they made such a determined selling push. British Aircraft Corp., maker of the \$2,800,000 BAC One-Eleven, has lined up 74 orders and 16 options from airlines, including three customers in the U.S.—American (25 planes), Braniff (14) and Mohawk (5). Deliveries will begin in a couple of months, nearly a year ahead of Douglas, but Douglas hopes that many airlines may hold off ordering until its plane takes to the air.

Douglas already has 58 firm orders for its DC-9 (price: \$3,100,000) from TWA, Delta, Air Canada, Bonanza, Swissair and Hawaiian Airlines. Figuring that there is a market for close to 1,200 short- to medium-range jets for the next decade, it expects to win at least 400 orders for the DC-9—a package that would amount to \$1.2 billion for the company. The DC-9 is one-third the size of the DC-8, has a wing span 8 ft. less than the ancient DC-3. It can carry from 56 to 90 passengers, depending on the seating arrangement, and can fly at speeds of 560 m.p.h. More important, it can land and take off at nearly any commercial airport now serviced by ordinary piston planes. The advent of the DC-9 and other short-haul jets will bring the jet age within the reach of nearly every run and runway. The new planes will gradually replace the old piston and turboprop jets on runs of up to 1,000 miles, which now account for more than 60% of the world's passenger business.

RAILROADS

Highballing on New Wheels

To satisfy thirsty Americans, huge quantities of Beefeater gin are shipped across the Atlantic from Britain each year—in railroad cars. The British load their spirits onto a new kind of U.S. freight car called the Flexi-Van, which is hauled to port by truck, loaded onto a ship, fitted with train wheels in the U.S. and sped to its destination over the rails. Thanks to such innovations, U.S. railroads are not only hauling merchandise directly from such countries as Japan, Egypt and Italy, but also carrying a broad range of domestic goods—from candy to sewing machines—that they lost many years ago to other forms of transportation. Result: the railroads have just had their most profitable year since 1956. Last week

the American Association of Railroads reported that in 1964 the industry's after-tax profits jumped 7% to \$835 million while operating revenues rose by 4% to \$9.9 billion.

Out with Boxcars. The best gains were made by the long-troubled Eastern railroads, largely because they made the most noteworthy improvements in equipment. The Pennsylvania, whose net rose 115% to \$50 million, now has "unitized trains" that carry only one commodity between two fixed points (coal from mine to utility) and make 156 round trips a year, v. 18 under the old boxcar system. The New York Central's profits soared 150% to \$35 million, largely because of gains from its Flexi-Vans and triple-tiered auto-hauling carriages, which enabled the line to carry 900,000 autos last year, as against none at all in 1961. Altogether, railroad men increased their outlays for new equipment by 39% last year, saw freight traffic increase 6.9%—faster than the rise in U.S. industrial production. Last week they got a psychological fillip from President Johnson's plan for what would surely be the most dramatic improvement in equipment in many years: a superspeed train to lead a technological revolution on the rails.

The rails have benefited from cutting back work forces, freight rates and passenger service. Labor contracts signed last year will gradually eliminate some 30,000 firemen's jobs, although at a cost of \$80 million in wage increases and severance pay this year. With permission from the Government, which is gradually loosening its rigid regulation of the rails, the companies are also granting volume discounts to attract big shippers and are canceling lightly traveled passenger runs.

Last week the Boston & Maine dropped 33 runs, thus eliminating all interstate passenger service in Maine. A far sharper curtailment may be in the making at the bankrupt New Haven, whose prime problem is that 42% of its revenues come from passenger service, v. a 7% average for other lines. Its trustees last week announced their intention to sharply cut back close-in commuter service, stranding 7,500 daily passengers, and eventually to discontinue all passenger trains—but they have many legal obstacles to overcome before they can do either. To bail out the New Haven, a group of U.S. Senators and Congressmen from New England and New York called for creation of a multistate agency subsidized by the Federal Government.

In with Mergers. The best prospect for saving sickly lines is merger with more prosperous, freight-heavy carriers. Lately the Interstate Commerce Commission has taken a more lenient attitude toward mergers, approving in July one of the greatest rail link-ups in U.S. history—the Norfolk & Western's absorption of five other lines. Now the ICC is considering 13 railroad mergers. The biggest deal by far would tie the

Pennsy and the New York Central. Federal officials have been dropping hints that the long-sought merger will get approval if the two lines agree to take in the New Haven as well. An ICC examiner is expected to hand down a preliminary ruling on the merger this month, and railroaders expect the ruling to give the green light to the Pennsy-Central tie-up.

WALL STREET

Winners & Losers

The stocks that U.S. investors hear and read most about are often not the biggest gainers. The value of shares on the New York Stock Exchange rose by \$46 billion in 1964, as 853 stocks advanced and only 287 retreated. Of the ten fastest-rising issues on the exchange, four turned out to be railroad stocks. The winners and their gains, as reported last week by the Wall Street firm of Hornblower & Weeks:

	Up
Boston & Maine R.R.	200%
Comsat	166%
King's Department Stores	155%
Sunshine Mining	139%
Fluor Corp.	133%
Erie-Lackawanna R.R.	130%
Chicago & North Western R.R.	127%
Evans Products	121%
Chicago Great Western R.R.	119%
I-T-E Circuit Breaker	117%

On the other hand, some of the sharpest risers of previous years were among the ten biggest losers last year:

	Down
Fifth Avenue Coach	63%
Alside, Inc.	57%
Dymo Industries	54%
High Voltage Engineering	51%
Berman Leasing	49%
American Photocopy	46%
Heile Curtis	45%
American Crystal Sugar	42%
Technical Material	41%
Wesco Financial	40%



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WORLD BUSINESS

IRON CURTAIN

The New Trade Drive

Western capitalists have lately become so eager to deal with the Communists that the question of trade has taken on a new dimension: instead of merely selling goods, Western businessmen are sending whole factories and generous credits eastward. Western Europe is leading the trend, but last week the U.S. also shuffled itself into some important East-West deals.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk announced the first two contracts to be negotiated under the U.S.'s recently signed trade treaty with Rumania. Firestone Tire & Rubber will put up a \$40 million synthetic-rubber factory, and Universal Oil Products will build a \$10 million cracking plant in the oil-rich country. At the same time, a couple of U.S. companies were close to closing the largest commercial agreement ever negotiated between the U.S. and East Germany. If the \$13 million deal goes through, Standard Oil of Ohio will supply the processes for an East German synthetic-textile plant, and Litwin Engineering of Wichita, Kans. will build it.

Pepsi for Communists. East Germany, whose Stalinist wars long made it a wallflower in the eyes of Western businessmen, is being wooed by everyone from the torrid Latins to the cool Scandinavians. In the past two months it has signed new trade pacts with France, Denmark and Italy. France, in fact, is aiming to overtake West Germany as the biggest dealer with Communism. Two months ago, Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing signed a treaty to double trade with Russia to \$700 million over the next five years; next month he will talk to Bulgaria.

West German businessmen, who lifted their East-West business well above \$1 billion last year, grumble that they could have done even better if their government had allowed them to offer long-term credits as other Western Europeans have begun to do. German tycoons have raised such a howl that the Cabinet promises to re-examine its tough line later this month. And Britain, which opened the gates to easy credit last year by giving the Czechs up to twelve years to pay for two fertilizer plants, hailed another breakthrough last week. It won its first order to build ships for Red China—two fast cargo vessels that will cost \$7,000,000.

While the Communists want Western goods, they are even more interested in buying the technology that capitalism produces so well. Western businessmen, in addition to turning handsome profits on the sale of plants and processes, gain entrée to the East for sales of other goods. Moreover, if Eastern Europe's drift toward capitalism continues, the Communists may be willing some day to let Western busi-

nessmen invest in the East. On the upper levels of the Hungarian government, there was talk last year of inviting Conrad Hilton in to build and manage a hotel in Budapest. Though that idea fell through, at least four of the satellite countries are negotiating with Pepsi-Cola. The Communists want to buy Pepsi's franchises, but it is still possible that U.S. companies might buy into bottling plants behind the Iron Curtain.

The Carrot. Cyrus Eaton Jr., son of the U.S. industrialist who has long championed trade with the East, has opened a Cleveland-based company called Tower International to help arrange and finance deals between the



RED CHINESE BUYERS IN BRITAIN
And a thirst for Commie Cola.

U.S. and Iron Curtain countries, has already signed up as a sales agent for Hungary. The U.S. now favors such deals instead of frowning upon them, hoping to use U.S. trade as a carrot to lure the satellites closer to the West.

In his State of the Union speech, President Johnson said that the Government "is exploring ways to increase peaceful trade with these countries." What the U.S. intends to do is: 1) permit the sale of such currently embargoed U.S. items as petrochemical plants and sophisticated metalworking machinery, 2) permit loans for up to five years, and 3) cut tariffs by treating most of the satellites as "most favored nations," as Yugoslavia and Poland are already treated. Washington economists figure that if the U.S. should decide to do all that for Russia—as more and more U.S. businessmen would like—its exports to the Soviets could rise from last year's \$25 million to more than \$300 million by 1970.

FINANCE

The Soft Approach

From the new highway snaking through the jungles of western Honduras to the huge irrigation and power project that is transforming Pakistan's Indus River Basin, many of the world's underdeveloped areas owe much to an organization that most Westerners have never heard of. The organization is the International Development Association, a branch of the World Bank founded in 1960 by 15 World Bank member nations to make "soft," easy-term loans —with no political strings attached—to poor nations. Last week IDA reached a milestone when the total it has loaned passed \$1 billion.

Too Poor to Pay. IDA gives credit only to countries so poor that they cannot afford to pay even the World Bank's modest 5.5% interest rate, let alone the higher rates of conventional lending institutions. It charges no interest, gets only three-fourths of 1% annual service fee to cover its administrative costs. It grants its loans for 50 years and gives a ten-year grace period before repayment must begin. In return, it insists on approving all projects financed by its loans, and makes sure that the contracts for all projects are open to competitive international bidding.

Of the 27 nations that have received IDA loans, India has benefited most, receiving \$485 million for industrial imports, railways and telecommunications. Pakistan is next with credits of \$242.7 million, \$58 million of it for the Indus Basin development. IDA has also lent to emerging African nations a total of \$72 million for such projects as a 112-mile, all-weather highway across Swaziland and school construction in Tanganyika. Latin America has been granted nearly \$100 million to build transportation and agricultural facilities and to improve municipal water supplies.

Too Busy to Sign. Compared with the \$1.7 billion economic aid program of the U.S., and even the combined aid programs of other Western nations, IDA is still pretty small potatoes. But it is making loans that would not otherwise be granted for projects that might not otherwise be built, and many of the projects promise to bring enormous returns to the countries involved. There is far less likelihood that the U.S. will ever get much in return—either in hard currency or lasting gratitude—for its contributions which account for 32% of all IDA funds. When Kenya was granted its \$4.5 million credit in December, its ambassador had to delay signing the agreement in IDA's Washington headquarters for nearly three weeks. Reason: he was busy at the United Nations, trying to organize a condemnation of the U.S. for its role in the Congo rescue operation.

VIOLENT contrasts racked his life and art. His poems could be golden and struck by grace, split by the metaphysical hammer of God; but his most golden lines were yoked to an ironic, satanic vision of the meanness of a scrap-iron age. He captured, and still captures, the minds of the young; but he personified himself as "an old man in a dry month," and his characteristic poetic voice was that of a man who seemed at least 50 the day he was born.

He was born a prairie-state American; he made himself the apotheosis of the cultured, conservative Englishman. He was painfully reserved, with a huge store of natural dignity; he delighted in playing schoolboy practical jokes on his friends. The theme of his art was chaos and despair, death-in-life; yet in life he was the model Christian gentleman, kind and good—and in his last years supremely happy. At his death in London last week of pulmonary emphysema, it was clear that Thomas Stearns Eliot, 76, was one of the few major poets of a minor poetic age, and far and away the most influential man of letters of his half of the century.

The published poems of Eliot's long lifetime's work hardly fill 200 pages. He also wrote five major verse plays of varying quality and several volumes of criticism. His strongest admirers recognize that his poetic subject matter and emotional range were limited. But no poet has ever been more fortunate in his time and place: Eliot was uncannily attuned to the moment after World War I when an entire generation was haunted by spiritual despair.

Out of the Enchanted Forest. For that generation, Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* was a shock—the bitter, bracing shock of recognition. *Prufrock* was simply the first modern poem. It abandoned romantic oratory for conversational speech, threw away stately "poetic" meters for the subtle syncopated rhythms of the jazz age, brought poetry out of the misty enchanted forest into the gritty reality of the modern city

Spread out against the sky

Like a patient etherised upon a table.

Eliot achieved some of his strongest effects by stringing together what seem to be banalities. But the banalities were chosen with such cool precision that they grew in the mind to be images of modern urban alienation. Then, typically, they were thrown into sudden contrast with images of romance and the glories of the past.

*I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my
trousers rolled.*

*Shall I part my hair behind? Do I
dare to eat a peach?*

T. S. ELIOT: *He knew the anguish of*

*I shall wear white flannel trousers,
and walk upon the beach.*

*I have heard the mermaids singing,
each to each.*

*I do not think that they will sing
to me.*

*I have seen them riding seaward on
the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves
blown back
When the wind blows the water white
and black.*

*We have lingered in the chambers
of the sea*



*By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed
red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we
drown.*

Prufrock was soon followed by other poems, each one lighting up the post-war literary battlefields like a Very light high above the trenches. *Gerontion*, *Sweeney Among the Nightingales*, *The Hollow Men*, half a dozen others—by 1925, Eliot had already published most of the poems on which his fame is based. Longest and most important was, of course, *The Waste Land*, beginning with the immortal:

*April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain*

—and going on for 434 lines, by turns jagged, colloquial, classical, lyrical, in a black hymn of the death that stalks life when it is devoid of meaning. It contains glowing lines, followed by shocking discords presented with an almost mocking ease. It contains haunt-

ing phrases ("I will show you fear in a handful of dust") and images:

*And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept
the hours
And voices singing out of empty
cisterns and exhausted wells.*

Though it contains famously obscure allusions to other literature, most of *The Waste Land's* language is simple and accessible. Its racy currency was part of its instant appeal to young and receptive readers in the '20s. No other poem has ever carried such a concentrated consciousness of the weight of the past upon the present; yet the most allusive lines can ring out even when the particular associative bells do not tremble for the reader.

The Ruins in the Soul. Eliot was better at reading his own poems aloud than are most poets, though he had nothing like the great brass gong of a voice that made Dylan Thomas so moving. The thousands who attended his lecture tours and the many thousands more who have listened to him on records heard a deep, husky, somewhat nasal voice, reading slowly with an enormous sadness. One of the most gripping pieces he read was *The Hollow Men*, that unrelenting expression of death-in-life which he published in 1925. In that voice the symbolism became tenebrous and severe:

Here the stone images

*Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's
hand*

Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Later in the same poem, he would startlingly break into a singsong half chant:

*This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper*

—and growl the last line with a hair-raising intensity that actually made it sound new again.

No poet in this century has given the language so many remembered lines. Bang-and-whimper is known instantly; so are the cruellest month, the rolled trouser-bottoms, the undared peach, the hippopotamus who went to heaven "while the True Church remains below," and

*I have measured out my life with
coffee spoons.*

Equally unforgettable is "Apeneck Sweeney," barbarous symbol-hero of

the marrow, the age of the skeleton

the play fragment *Sweeney Agonistes* and several poems.

*(The lengthened shadow of a man
Is history, said Emerson
Who had not seen the silhouette
Of Sweeney straddled in the sun.)*

The poems, particularly *The Waste Land*, confused many established critics, enraged others. Christopher Morley even suggested that *The Waste Land*, and its celebrated six pages of notes, was a hoax. W. B. Yeats found Eliot's poems flat, unrhymical, colorless, "working without apparent imagination." But years later, Rose Macaulay recalled *The Waste Land*'s first impact: "Beyond and through the dazzling, puzzling technique, the verbal fascination, the magpie glitter of the borrowed and adapted phrases that brought a whole chorus of literature into service, enriching and extending every theme—beyond and through all this there was the sharp sense of recognition. Here was the landscape one knew, had always known; here were the ruins in the soul."

Liturgy & Prayer. If Eliot spoke for youth's despairs ("I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker, / And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker, / And in short, I was afraid"), he apparently scarcely knew its exhilarations. Though he was born in St. Louis, the son of a wholesale grocer, his roots ran back to New England and the upright Unitarianism of his clergyman grandfather. At Harvard, he dabbled in Sanskrit and Oriental religions, wrote his dissertation on the philosophy of F. H. Bradley. *Prufrock*, that lament of the aging, was published in his 20s. Looking back, the hunger for faith in Eliot's early poems now seems obvious and his religious development inevitable. In 1927—the same year he became a British subject—he was confirmed in the Church of England.

Few of his friends were surprised. But in 1930 his poetic public was taken aback by *Ash-Wednesday*, his first published poem in five years. Subdued and introspective, it was also religious to the point of being liturgical:

*Because I cannot hope to turn again
Consequently I rejoice, having to
construct something
Upon which to rejoice*

*Suffer us not to mock ourselves with
falsehood
Teach us to care and not to care
Teach us to sit still*

*Suffer me not to be separated
And let my cry come unto Thee.*

Eliot thus became the only major poet of this century who was intensely and essentially Christian. The development of this poetic theme which seemed

so sudden at the time, was accompanied by a more gradual shift in style and manner. Thus, by the time he wrote the *Four Quartets*, his last major poems, Eliot's style was often densely compact, unitary, monolithic even: much more self-contained except for the recurring Christian symbology. However elevated, the later poems are neither so revolutionary nor so widely pertinent. Naturally enough: the saved man speaks to a resentful audience, the tortured man to a grateful one, since he gives his fellow sufferers a voice.

Sometimes the later poems were simply prosy:

*I have said before
That the past experience revived in
the meaning
Is not the experience of one life only
But that of many generations.*

Such lines are poetry only by courtesy; they justify Robert Graves's sardonic gibe: "What I like most about Eliot is that though one of his two hearts, the poetic one, has died and been given a separate funeral . . . he continues to visit the grave wistfully, and lay flowers on it." But Eliot could still strike off at will his unique amalgam of silver and sudden brimstone:

*Lady, three white leopards sat under
a juniper-tree
In the cool of the day, having fed to
satiety
On my legs my heart my liver and
that which had been contained
In the hollow round of my skull.*

His imagery could still compel:

*The wounded surgeon plies the steel
That questions the distempered part;
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel
The sharp compassion of the healer's
art.*

Shuffling Memories. Eliot had always felt a drive toward theater and a fascination with the problem of bringing verse back into drama. In the judgment of E. Martin Browne, who directed all of Eliot's plays, *Murder in the Cathedral* is the one most sure of a lasting place in the repertory. But the one that 1,500,000 people (1,000,000 in the U.S.) went to see was *The Cocktail Party* (1950), that odd, gently versified comedy with its insistent message about sinners and the nature of saints. Three decades after *The Waste Land*, Eliot's central concern was still

*The final desolation
Of solitude in the phantasmal world
Of imagination, shuffling memories
and desires.*

Less swiftly than his poems or plays, Eliot's criticism transformed the taste of his generation. Almost singlehanded Eliot launched such shifts in taste as

the revival of John Donne and the turning away from Milton. Even today and even when it is disputed, Eliot's critical judgment has in most cases defined the grounds of argument.

As a man, Eliot was modest, kind, immensely loyal to his friends. He was thought to be formidably reserved, but that was because he did not like casual chatter and hated to be lionized. Among close friends, he was unfailingly good company. His grave courtesy concealed astringent wit; he also liked jokes of the kind where the cushion, when sat on, makes a rude noise. He was tirelessly, patiently encouraging to young poets who wrote or sent manuscripts to him at Faber & Faber, the London publishing house where for many years he was a partner.

He loved light verse. He would lampoon his friends in clerihews, sometimes addressed letters in rhyme. He put normally light-verse techniques to deadly serious use in *Prufrock*, *The Waste Land* and elsewhere. Example:

*I shall not want Honour in Heaven
For I shall meet Sir Philip Sidney
And have talk with Coriolanus
And other heroes of that kidney.*

The effect is startling: funny but instantly sad.

Eliot married Vivienne Haigh, an artist's daughter, in 1915. After 1933, she was almost constantly in an asylum. During the difficult years of her illness, Eliot never spoke of her, but never failed to visit her once a week unless he was out of the country. She died in 1947. In 1957 he married his secretary at Faber & Faber, Valerie Fletcher, a plumply attractive woman nearly 40 years younger. He blossomed. They went dancing, held hands at plays. He even wrote love scenes into his last play, *The Elder Statesman* (they were eased out by the producer).

End & Beginning. This week, following Eliot's long-standing directions, his ashes are to be placed in the parish church at East Coker, the Somersetshire village from which, in the 17th century, his ancestor Andrew Eliot had set out for America. *East Coker* is also the title Eliot gave to one of the *Four Quartets*; the poem's first line is

In my beginning is my end.

Interesting as he was as a playwright, influential as he was as a critic, yet it is his poetry, finally, that will survive. In five lines of the poem *Whispers of Immortality* he really said more about Donne than in all of his famous essay on the metaphysical poets:

*Expert beyond experience,
He knew the anguish of the marrow
The age of the skeleton;
No contact possible to flesh
Alayed the fever of the bone.*

It could be his own epitaph.

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MILESTONES

Married. Frances Mary Nimitz, 24, granddaughter of Admiral Chester Nimitz, commander and hero of the Pacific theater in World War II; and Edwin Gordon Johns, 28, Manhattan adman; in New Canaan, Conn.

Married. Arthur Koestler, 59, Hungarian-born author, once a Communist, later a supreme critic (*Darkness at Noon*); and Cynthia Koestler, 37, his South African-born secretary, who changed her name from Paterson to Koestler in a legal action a year ago in London; he for the third time, she for the second; by a city clerk in Manhattan.

Died. George Washington Oakes, 55, one of the New York Times's Oechs (Oakes) clan, who founded in 1947 an idealistic but ill-fated London weekly (*American Outlook*), later wrote a series of successful walking-tour guides to Europe; from injuries suffered in an auto accident that also killed his wife, Joanna, 49, and only son James, 17; near Brattleboro, Vt., when James, who was driving, lost control on an icy road as the family was returning to the Choate School from a precollege interview at Dartmouth.

Died. Milton Clark Avery, 71, pre-abstract-expressionist painter whose studies of blocky, faceless figures and wispy, grey-green seascapes in the 1920s drew a blank with the public, yet so inspired such young artists as Mark Rothko and Adolph Gottlieb that he became a pivotal influence on them, even though he himself had to wait until the 1950s before his own primitivist, relatively representational canvases finally brought as much as \$10,000; after a long illness; in New York City.

Died. Lady Violet Astor of Hever, 75, wife of Lord Astor, owner of the Times of London, who spent her life as one of Britain's most energetic social-work volunteers until two years ago, when she and her husband left England for good to escape Britain's heavy death duties; after a long illness; at their Côte d'Azur villa in Pégomas, France.

Died. Thomas Stearns Eliot, 76, expatriate U.S. poet and man of all letters; of pulmonary emphysema; in London (see p. 86).

Died. Frank Mozley Stevens, 84, president of Harry M. Stevens Inc., the nation's greatest purveyor of food to sports fans, who expanded his father's hot-dog concessions into a \$20 million annual feast at 45 tracks including the caviar and peach Melbas served at such fancy beneries as the Diamond Club at the New York Mets' Shea Stadium and a soon-to-open splendor at Florida's Hialeah race track; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

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CINEMA

Masses into Classes

Nine Days of One Year. She's pretty, he's handsome. They live in an ultra-modern flat. Both work. She dresses like a model, likes to make love. He's more interested in his job. She gets moody, neglects the house, makes scenes. "You don't love me! I'm not needed! We never see anybody!" He grunts behind his morning paper. Then one day while he's at work she receives a visit from his best friend...

Sounds like Jack Lemmon and Kim Novak in nothing very much? It isn't. It's Aleksei Batalov and Tamara Lavrova in a fascinating new Russian film. Made in 1962, while Khrushchev was still in the Kremlin, *Nine Days* suggests more clearly than any previous Russian picture how far creeping liberalism has managed to advance in the last decade.

Back in the bad old days, when Russia was struggling through its basic industrial and agricultural revolution, the heroes of Soviet cinema were strapping Stakhanovites who fell in love with lathes, or strong-jawed sons of the soil who lusted after power plows. How times have changed. The hero of *Nine Days* is a nuclear scientist who is hopelessly hung up on a great big, beautiful neutron breeder. The Stakhanovites sweated for the sake of the socialist society. But the scientist in this picture labors, and even accepts a fatal dose of radiation, for the sweet sake of science—because, as he proclaims, "You cannot stop an idea!" Just like Greer Garson in *Madame Curie*.

And that's only the beginning. What has happened to all the blathering broadsides Russian movies used to fire off at the decadent, bourgeois societies of the West? In *Nine Days*, the intellectual and managerial echelons of Soviet society are frankly bourgeois in character. These people look, talk, act, live in all essential respects like middle-class men and women in the nations of the West. They eat in good restaurants,

tool around in streamlined automobiles, scoff at the more grandiose pretensions of the Soviet space program, gripe a little at the "administrative fools" who run the labs they work in. And pipe this. The women wear false eyelashes in bed.

Karl Marx wrote an awful lot of words. It seems that now by eating them the Russians may get plump.

Inside Black Skin

Nothing but a Man is a picture for people who are sick of the self-seekers and the headline-hunters who often turn the civil rights movement into a political sideshow. With impressive insight and objectivity, it goes straight to the heart of the matter: in a clear and simple story it describes what life is like for an average Negro in America.

The time is the present, the scene is a small town in the deep South. The hero (Ivan Dixon) is a young Negro—too proud to truckle, too smart to fight—who is working as a section hand on the railroad and pretending he doesn't really want to live the way the white folks do. He never knew his father, he hasn't seen his bastard son for at least two years, and he can't see why he should get stuck with a black family as well as a black skin. Then one day he meets a pretty schoolteacher (Abbey Lincoln), daughter of the town's principal Negro preacher. They fall in love, and against all his self-defensive instincts the hero asks her to marry him.

They rent a reasonably clean little cottage, and he goes to work in a local sawmill. He tries hard to keep his face shut, but he can't stand to "act the nigger." In private he advises the other millhands to stand up to the white man—if need be, to organize a union. He is fired. His father-in-law eventually wangles him a job in a filling station, but a few days later the white vigilantes warn his employer that the station will be wrecked if "that nigger ain't gone—and damn soon." In fury and frustration, the hero roughs up his wife and cuts out for Birmingham. There he finds his father, a malevolent old delirium, and in him sees what he himself will some day surely be—unless he stands up and fights for his right to work and raise a family in peace.

Made for a mere \$230,000 by two young TV documentarists (Michael Roemer and Robert Young), *Man* is a polemic that does not preach. To begin with, it is careful to state that the black man is no black angel. The hero, played by Actor Dixon with a knowing mixture of shrewdness and spontaneity, is courageous but confused, decent but primitive. When he brags that he is "runnin' free," he really means he is running away from the Negro he is and secretly despises; when the white man bullies him, he hates it so much he turns right around and bullies his own wife. For



DIXON & LINCOLN IN "MAN"
In the U.S., psychological slavery.

their part, the Southern whites are not depicted as white devils. Some of them are obviously the salt of the earth, and the rest are tolerantly explained as normal men who have acquired abnormal power—and simply cannot handle it.

The ghastly reality of the Birmingham slums, the miraculous reality that sensibility and humor somehow survive in them, the luminous reality of the Negro language as it is spoken in the South: all are set forth with force and sincerity. But what the film most effectively conveys is the anguishing reality of how it feels to be inside the skin of an American Negro. It feels, if the hero's experience is the general one, as if the 14th Amendment had not been psychologically ratified. "The white men!" the hero rages in despair. "They get inside you and you can't stop them! They reach right into you with their damn white hands and turn you on and off!"

Plain Sailing

Mediterranean Holiday. A camel fight in Turkey, the Grand Prix auto race at Monaco, the jet pace of life aboard the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Shangri-La*—there are some snappy stretches in this Cinecraa travelogue, but there are plenty of languid interludes too. The film's ports of call are those of *The Flying Clipper*, a barkentine of the Swedish Merchant Marine manned by 20 student cadets on a Mediterranean cruise out of Göteborg. Climbing the pyramids, throwing snowballs in Lebanon or striding through the courtyards of Hagia Sophia, the boys appear to consider shore leave a time for exercise. The shallow narration, sung and sniggered through by Burl Ives, steers a hazardous course from banality ("And now we say farewell to the land of the Sun God") to banality ("Cleopatra's golden chair asks: 'What happened to my beautiful owner?'"). What might have been an inquisitive and refreshingly youthful look into one corner of the world becomes merely a series of large, conventional, tasteless postcards.



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BOOKS

A Conjur'd Spirit

JONATHAN SWIFT by Nigel Dennis, 160 pages, Macmillan, \$3.95.

Jonathan Swift is the Lucifer of British letters. Unfortunately, posterity has precariously trimmed the old devil's toenails. As traditionally abridged, *Gulliver's Travels* is a charming classic for children. Yet Gulliver unexpurgated is no tale for tender ears; it is a ferocious assault on the human species. And Swift unsweetened is no nursery rhymester; he is the most powerful ironist since Aristophanes, the blackest of all the

in Swift's life as they did in his work. He was a madman as well as a genius, and his existence was a contest of fearful contradictions. He was a compulsive sadist with a tender heart, a lifelong impotent passionately involved with women, an earnest clergyman obsessed with excrement, a magnificent intellectual addicted to childish puns, a great master of letters who considered his life a failure because he failed in politics, an Irish national hero who loathed the land of his birth.

Swift's sickness and his satire are examined simultaneously in this slender but consummate volume by Britain's

CULVER PICTURES



SWIFT & HIS STELLA
God was an old Hebraic horror.

great blackguards who have lacerated the conscience of mankind.

Fearful Contradictions. Like Moses from the mountain, Swift came raging out of the peat bogs to cry doom and damnation on the idolatrous race of men. He is God's angry man, a prophet of the wrath to come who screams with infernal glee as he opens the vials of vituperation on the heads of humankind. His passions are scoriae, his imagination a holocaust. His wit is an indentured imp that leaps to any bidding—it can tickle the funny bone, attack with acid, fry living flesh on a deadpan, reach down the throat of a corpse and come up with a ghastly guffaw. His language is bare, strong, lucid, manly; perhaps the most intensely concentrated prose ever written in English. In energy he is the last Elizabethan; not even Shakespeare's Lear surpasses the vigor of Swift's invective or the reach of his rage. In conscience he is the first Victorian; not until Dickens did Britain produce a major writer who so fiercely cried out against man's inhumanity.

A giant indeed, but a sick giant. Good and evil, God and Devil battled

Nigel Dennis. Himself a satirist (*Cards of Identity*) of no mean attainment, Author Dennis has an acute affinity for his subject. More clearly than any of Swift's latter-day biographers, he looks into the works as into a window on the man, and arranges the facts of his life to explain the state of his soul.

Swift was born in Dublin on Nov. 30, 1667. His father died seven months before that date. His mother, destitute, left her baby with one of his uncles and went back to England. At the age of six, Swift was sent away to school. He felt he had been treated like dirt, and to compensate the insult he indulged in delusions of grandeur. One day he spent his last penny to buy an old horse from the knacker, then jumped on its back to ride "high and mighty through Kilkenny." At that instant, the horse fell dead.

Sour & Severe. Like the horse, the world of the present always felt little Jonathan down; so he retreated into the past. He identified with his grandfather, a romantic royalist and churchman. This experience, Dennis suggests, was intoxicating. From identification with his grandfather, the boy proceeded insensi-

bly to identification with his grandfather's king and even with his grandfather's God. In short order he became a species of juvenile Lucifer deluded by superhuman pride, a pathological authoritarian who felt himself the sole repository of right—and fully entitled to tell everybody else what it was. At 19, when he was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, Swift was a square-jawed, "sour and severe" young man with a terrible temper and a ruthless will. "My mind is like a conjur'd spirit," he said of himself, "that would do mischief if I would not give it employment."

Employment was found in England. Swift became secretary to Sir William Temple, an eminent scholar-statesman; and at 28, partly to complete the identification with grandfather's God and partly to secure a living, he was ordained an Anglican priest.

Lash of Heaven. Grandfather's God, as Swift experienced him, was a god of ungovernable wrath, an old Hebraic horror who allotted all good to himself, all evil to man, and took sadistic delight in torturing the beastly criminal he had created. Swift considered himself the instrument of this dread deity, and boasted that

*My hate, whose lash just heaven hath
long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly
bleed . . .*

A genius for hatred, alas, inhibits the capacity to love. His "nature," Swift remarked mysteriously, did not permit him to marry. Nevertheless, that nature peculiarly required a woman—as a source of comfort, as an object to torture. What to do? With a characteristic mixture of sentiment and cruelty, Swift seized upon Hester Johnson, a member of Sir William's household whom he had tutored as a child and aroused as a young woman, and carried her off to Ireland. There he set her up in a house of her own and so dominated her simple mind that for the next 27 years she apparently consented to live as his platonic companion and sometime muse—she was the Stella of his *Journal to Stella*.

Man of Power. His private life arranged, Swift launched energetically into public affairs. In 1707, at the age of 40, he went down to London on an errand for his bishop. To his amazement, the great men of both parties were "ravished" to see him. A big political battle was brewing, and both Whigs and Tories were eager to recruit his pointed pen. Swift picked the winning side, rode into power with the Tories.

For the next three years he was, in effect, Britain's minister of information and culture. He was what he had always longed to be: a power among men. But Swift could never quite shake the old sense of inferiority. To conceal it, he outorded the lords he moved among. He tongue-lashed the Secretary of State and at political meetings gave "no man liberty to swear or talk b-d-y."

All at once the bubble burst. When

A FRANK REPLY! TO THOSE WHO THINK THE REAL MACKENZIE SCOTCH FOR SCOTCH-MEN SOCIETY ARE A BUNCH OF SCOTCH! SCOTCH

Oh, what bickering brattle they would prattle about such a doughty cause as ours. And don't they hae all the gall, calling the RMSFSS a bunch of skinflints in Scotsmen's clothing when all the time they're after giving us a fleecing by shipping The Real MACKENZIE down the river to America!

LET US SET THE FACTS STRAIGHT BE IT ONCE AND FOR ALL.

To wit: The RMSFSS stands for trying to keep The Real MACKENZIE Scotch at home where its light delicate smooth flavor and full-bodied mellowness has been held in great reverence among Scotsmen for over 138 years.

The opposition stands for wanting to bleed the Highlands dry of The Real Mackenzie by shipping it off to America in great boatloads.

Now all we of the RMSFSS are asking is a fair hearing from your understanding American hearts. So, if you would bide a wee, we'll present our case for sheltering The Real MACKENZIE from the outside world.

Can ye just imagine what would happen to our beloved whisky if we would sit idly by while they're selling The Real MACKENZIE out from under our very noses? It's not hard to picture the terrifying results. Americans like a light and smooth Scotch, don't they? Aye, and The Real MACKENZIE is the bonnie light and smoothest Scotch of all.

Putting those two facts together

you canna' come up with anything but the sure fact Americans are going to like The Real MACKENZIE. Then it'll be nothing but natural for American lads to be wanting more! And more!! So before a' body was the wiser, more MACKENZIE would be going out than coming in, and we'd be left high and drouthy.

Now our thinking runs along the lines that if The MACKENZIE was never sent to America in the first place there'd be no ruckus at the moment. Our point simply being this:

What ye've never tasted is what ye'll never be missing.

Canna ye no' see our cause with a wee bit more understanding now and why we're appealing to stay wide and clear of The Real MACKENZIE? And what more understanding people could we be asking concerning the freedom of

our whisky? Didn't you sams Americans have a fine old whisky rebellion for yourselves in the days of 1794? Eh?



"Fiddle Sir"

Remember?

As for the mud flinging tactics of the opposition, they're clouding up the real issue by making out our lads to be tighter than a miser at Christ-

mas. To this we sae, (in the words of Sir Walter Scott) "Fiddle Sir!"

The truth of the matter being there's not a stingy bone among one of us. And just to prove it, if you're ever in our neck of the Highlands, just flash your RMSFSS badge around a bit and we'll see to it that you're blessed with a cup o' Real MACKENZIE kind-ness or two on us.



Hey you Americans over there...help keep The Real MACKENZIE over here!

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Queen Anne died, the Tories were summarily turned out of office. Swift was lucky to be left with a dreary benefice in Dublin, the deanship of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The shock permanently damaged his mind. All his nightmares of rejection recurred: he suffered fugues of persecution in which delusory daggers and imaginary nooses pursued him. "I am left to die," he wailed, "like a poisoned rat in a hole."

Gigantic Tantrum. The last half of Swift's life has been aptly described as a "gigantic tantrum." His Luciferian will to power raged in tiny Dublin like a demon in a bottle. "I have determined," he bellowed, "to have no one about me that denies my authority!" He gave way to continual diatribes. The young women of quality who came to him for instruction were pinched for discipline till their arms turned black and blue. And when there was nobody there to torture, the demonic dean relieved the pressure of his passions by running rapidly and repeatedly up and down the stairs.

The pressure was steeply stepped up by the arrival in Ireland of Esther Vanhomrigh, a young woman Swift had known in London. After eight years of harrowing tension—it seems clear that the affair was never consummated—Swift apparently chose Hester instead of Esther. A few weeks later, at the age of 33, Esther died.

Swift's rage destroyed human beings, but it created literature. Night after night the old churl sat by a snug fire in his splendid mansion and wrote hate letters to a world he chose to think had cheated him. In 1726, after six years of meticulous composition, he published *Gulliver's Travels*, the most profound and powerful satire ever written in English.

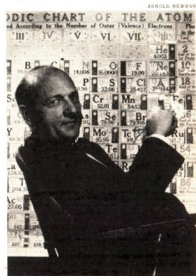
Yahoo Obsession. Author Dennis studies the *Travels* as a morbid acrostic of Swift's character. In Part IV, for instance, there are striking suggestions that Swift at this period of his life was dangerously schizoid, that he was identifying with the rational-spiritual principle (the Houyhnhnms) and repressing the animal aspect of his nature (the Yahoos). In any case, the horror and tragedy of Swift's old age are clearly foretold in the leading characteristic of the Yahoos: their excessive concern with ordure. From that time forward, scatological allusions litter his prose and befoul his poetry. On the textual evidence, it would seem that his lifelong horror of women, his refusal of all sexual contact with them, was rooted in his horror of their excrement.

As the man grew older, as dizziness, deafness and amnesia successively set in, Swift lapsed into "incessant strains of obscenity and swearing." A statute of lunacy was taken out against him, and he spent the last three years of his life sunk in bestial stupor. "I am what I am," he muttered not long before his death. "I am what I am." He was a Yahoo. Yet he was Lucifer too: the great sinner was also a bringer of light.

The Sweet Draught of Power

THE JOURNALS OF DAVID E. LILIENTHAL. 1,400 pages. Harper & Row. \$20.

For 17 years, through Roosevelt's New Deal and Truman's Fair Deal, David Lilienthal rode the seas of controversy and survived. Perhaps he succeeded because he was a supremely practical administrator concerned with getting a job done, attentive to down-to-earth detail, indifferent to dogma. "The short and sure road to despair and surrender is this," he wrote, "to believe that there is, somewhere, a scheme of things that will eliminate conflict, struggle, stupidity, cupidity, personal jealousy. The idea of Utopia is mischievous.



LILIENTHAL (1948)
Utopias were mischievous.

as well as unrealistic. And dull, to boot. Man is born pushing and shoving as the sparks fly upward."

These diaries, covering Lilienthal's years as a director of the Tennessee Valley Authority, then as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, are a day-by-day tale of pushing and shoving. Lilienthal was only 34, with a reputation as a labor-law expert and a job on Wisconsin's Public Service Commission, when Franklin Roosevelt tapped him in 1933 for the TVA. The most energetic of the authority's three directors, Lilienthal pushed TVA into public power, running afoul of private-utility magnates, notably Wendell Wilkie, then president of Commonwealth & Southern. Bold and confident, Lilienthal was capable of shrewd self-appraisal. "Mentally on the quick side, resourceful; ingenious, particularly in discussion and strategy development," he wrote of himself. "But not profound, nor capable of understanding subtle psychological analysis. Impatient. Not a natural mixer."

Palace Politics. While Lilienthal's fight with the power companies won the headlines, he had just as much trouble

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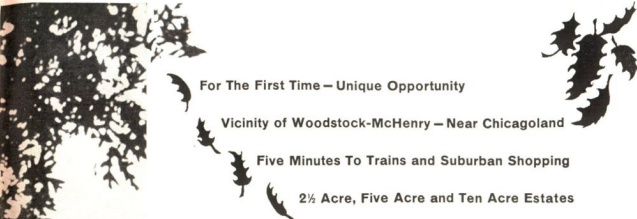
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protecting his flanks against marauding New Dealers, Harold Ickes wanted to tuck TVA into the Interior Department. Other New Dealers favored increasing centralization in Washington, but Lilienthal believed in decentralization, and worked incessantly to keep TVA free of politics or pressure groups.

When he refused to hand out TVA patronage jobs to politicians or consult them on policy, he made an enemy of Tennessee's terrible-tempered Senator Kenneth McKellar. Haling Lilienthal before Congress as often as possible, McKellar drubbed him unmercifully. Lilienthal usually managed to keep his temper, though once he heaped McKellar after a hearing: "Senator, you are an old man and probably haven't much time to live. You are doing a fellow human being an injustice in your position toward me. You don't want to carry that on your soul when it comes your time to go," McKellar shouted. "God damn, God damn, I have had enough of this!" Then he stomped off.

Under the barrage of abuse, Lilienthal was often tempted to quit. But he had second thoughts, as he noted candidly. "Though I don't think I am pathologically vain, there is a thrill in being a celebrity and in the kudos that go with that state. Playing the great man—it is a sweet draught and no mistake."

Overboard on Security. President Truman appointed Lilienthal head of the newly created AEC in 1946. From then on Lilienthal's diary entries become less exuberant; he had fewer triumphs and many more frustrations. After a brutal fight for Senate confirmation, thanks to McKellar's opposition, Lilienthal had great hopes of creating peaceful uses for atomic energy, but he immediately bogged down in security questions in a Washington that was nervous about atomic secrecy. Lilienthal had to take atomic-production figures to Truman on tiny slips of paper with garbled figures that only he could read, and even then Defense Secretary Louis Johnson cautioned him in the President's office: "Don't read the figures out loud."

When Congress' Joint Committee on Atomic Energy became "scared and ugly" in 1949 over the publicity given the disappearance of a bottle of uranium at the Argonne laboratory in Chicago, Lilienthal tried to talk sense to them: "Criticize the commission if you wish, but don't induce hysteria in this country. This is not bomb material, and you should not say it is. If the people find that Congress is rattled over a seventh of an ounce of uranium oxide, what can we expect when Russia has a stockpile of atomic weapons?"

Not Very Hopeful. Though Truman staunchly backed him up in his battles with Congress, Lilienthal decided to resign in 1950. His last important act in office was to oppose the crash program to build the hydrogen bomb. Along with most of the members of the AEC's General Advisory Committee, including Robert Oppenheimer, James Con-



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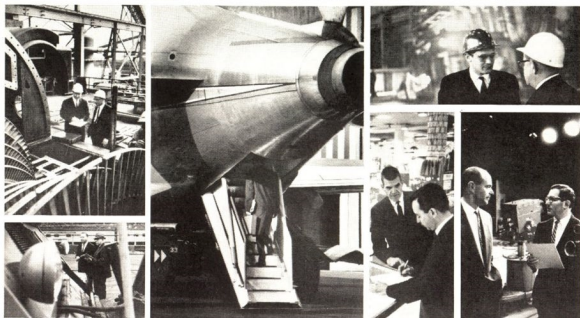
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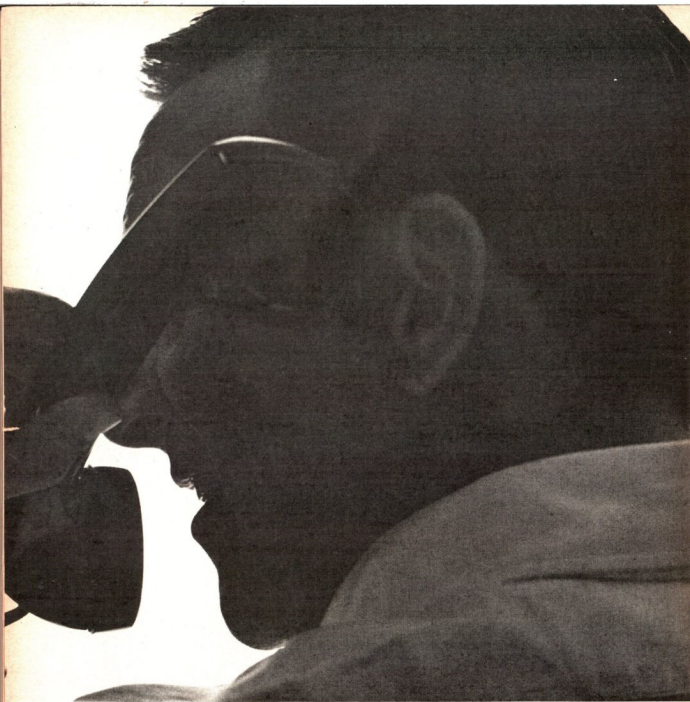
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ant, Lee DuBridge and Enrico Fermi, Lilienthal objected to the bomb because he felt that the U.S. was relying too heavily on nuclear weapons and massive retaliation. He was also hopeful (but not very) that some agreement could be made with Russia not to build it.

But the bomb's proponents—AEC Commissioner Lewis Strauss, Secretary of State Dean Acheson, Senator Brien MacMahon, chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy—carried the day with Truman, and the possibility of falling behind in the arms race was narrowly averted. In spite of his stand on the H-bomb, Lilienthal had no use for appeasement or unilateral disarmament. In answer to one proposal to surrender rather than use the bomb, Lilienthal commented: "It isn't important how long one lives; what is important is that while he lives, he lives as a man."

DAVID DAVIES



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Epic of the Body

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS OF JEAN MACAQUE by Stuart Cloete. 236 pages. Trident. \$4.95.

This droll and sparkling book by Stuart Cloete (rhymes with snooty) adds considerable refinements to the lore of love, all the more surprising since Cloete, who has spent most of his life in South Africa, is noted for mammoth epics of wilderness treks and colonial wars. Somehow, while exploring the heart of darkness, he became interested in illuminating as well the hidden heart of womankind.

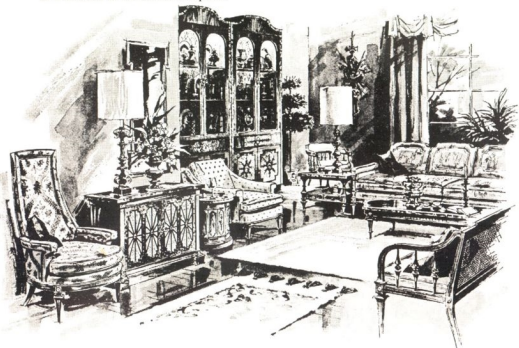
Written with Gallic asperity, the novel is composed of a series of bittersweet, Boccaccio-like fables celebrating unambiguously the joys of heterosexual love. They are told by an engaging, disreputable journalist named Jean Ma-

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Macaque samples some extraordinary vintages: nubile Numeril ("Fileted like a sole, boneless, squirming as a serpent"); Christina, the mountainous Scandinavian masseuse ("Like all scenery, she had to be viewed from a distance. Close by, the charm of the wood was lost in the trees of her passion"). He generously introduces his conquests to wealthy acquaintances, causing some to snort that he is no better than a pimp, "a vulgarism which I repudiate. I regard myself as a creator, a man of sensitivity who feels that every jewel deserves its casket."

But there is nothing blunt, pornographic or unnecessarily explicit about the love affairs Macaque describes. He sounds a full symphony of sensuality with overtones, grace notes and rests that are as important as the main theme. Bodily love, in the Macaque-Cloete view, is not pleasure alone but the staunchest bulwark against death and despair, a link to nature in a civilization perilously cut loose from its antecedents. "With enough beds," says Macaque, "there might be no battlefields."

Children of Violence

THE HIGHER ANIMALS by H.E.F. Donohue, 273 pages. Viking, \$4.95.

Every university, but especially a big city one encysted in slums like Columbia or Chicago, has its strays: the ex-students, would-be writers, nostalgic journalists, misplaced faculty wives and outright intellectual bums who huddle up to the academic fire for warmth without fully belonging there. They clerk in the bookstores, talk the night away in the coffee shops, provide the steady custom for the bars.

On a warm summer night on Chicago's South Side, half a dozen such strays congregate at Lou's Bar near the university to celebrate the 25th birthday of their good friend, a very cool young man named Daniel Conn. A little earlier, Conn had watched a nearby house burn down. Although one of his friends tried to rescue them, three old people were killed in the fire. A little later, Conn sees two friends try to halt a shooting spree by a trio of criminals. His friends are killed. One is a woman he loves.

Whipsawed between these episodes of mindless violence on one side and the affection and good talk of his friends on the other, Conn the cool observer is driven to the edge of despair—but also to a shocked knowledge of his unavoidable engagement with the world. Donohue tells his oddly appealing, existential fable with precision of place and style, in a tone as cool as his hero. It reverberates in the mind like a slow-motion movie of a man falling from a tall building: his plight is horrifyingly real, but so is the absurdity of his flailing struggle, frozen on the film of memory.

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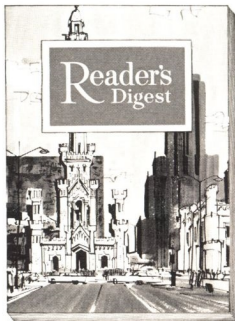
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McCALL'S	66	450,000	\$3,450	\$ 7.67
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Source: Publisher's stated rate cards; retail sales—Sales Management "Survey of Buying Power" © 1965



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